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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

A BRITISH GENERAL ON PEACE

MAJOR GENERAL SIR IAN HAMILTON, in a short message to the British *Review of Reviews*, says:

'Two years ago my ideals for the nation would have filled a volume. Now, they have grown modest, and two short sentences will hold them:

'(1) Don't make a model of the supposed intentions of the Germans, but hark back to the clean motives and generous intentions with which our own young soldiers first flocked to the colors.

'(2) Don't bother about the peace terms of 1871; Kitchener is our model — not Bismarck. Think of the peace terms of 1902 and remember how they drew the worst of the venom out of those terrible South African wounds.'

KRAPOTKIN AND WAR

THE recent death of Prince Peter Krapotkin, a distinguished Russian revolutionist and anarchist at Moscow, has revived interest in his contemporary interpretation of the world war. This he ascribed to the impossible settlements which followed the war of 1870–1871, which contained seeds of evil certain to germinate into future conflicts. He wrote: 'The past forty-three years have confirmed what Bakunin wrote in 1871, that if French influence were eliminated from the guidance of Europe, the development of the continent would be retarded by half a century.' He prophesied that, 'autocracy can never be reëstablished in Russia under the form it preserved until 1905, and a Russian constitution can never follow the imperialist lines which the so-called parliamentary government of Germany has assumed.' He said that men who knew the Russian people intimately realized that they would never become an aggressive and warlike nation like the Germans. He believed the lesson of the present war would be that militarism 'cannot be crushed by dreamy pacifism,' or successfully held in check by the kind of anti-militarist propaganda customary to-day. 'Something deeper is necessary. The cause of war must be probed to the bottom. Let us hope that the present conflict will open the eyes of the laboring masses and of a great number of the educated middle class to the rôle which capitalism and governmentalism play in the genesis of armed conflicts between nations.'

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FACTIONALISM AMONG GERMAN RADICALS

As a result of the split in the German Independent Socialist Party at the Halle Congress, by which a large majority of the delegates went over to the Moscow Communists, while a majority of the old leaders refused to join in this action, the Radical Wing has amalgamated with what was previously the Communist Party of Germany to form a new party known as the V. K. P. D. (*Vereinigte Kommunisteische Partei Deutschlands.*) However, there was a second Communist Party in Germany known as the Communist Labor Party, and the enmity between these two Communist factions was more than vitriolic. The Moscow Committee has now decided to admit both of these factions, although the two are bitterly antagonistic, and seem to be having a sort of Kilkenny cat time of it in their own country. As a result of these dissensions, five leading members of the Executive Committee of the new Communist Party, including Däumig and Klara Zetkin, have resigned, and the future of the party seems precarious.

AFRICAN UNREST

CONFIRMING reports in both the British and Continental press of the fact that even Central Africa has not escaped entirely the world-wide wave of social unrest, Isaac Marcosson, an American correspondent contributing to the London *Times*, says that he found many evidences of 'industrial insurgency' among the black people of that continent, from the moment he landed in Cape Town. In the Rand gold mining district, the natives have been organized by British agitators, and it 'probably will not be long before Central Africa has socialism.' Prices throughout the Congo have advanced as they have in other parts of the world. This affects not only imported merchandise, but also local commodities, the staples of native diet, and even wives. Before the war, a first class wife could be bought for fifty francs. To-day, the market price is four times that amount. This traveler quotes the substance of a speech made by a black steersman to the native crew of a Congo steamer, as follows: 'The white man eats big food and takes a big sleep in the middle of the day, and you ought to do the same thing. The company that owns this boat has much money, and you should all be getting more wages.'

THE London *Spectator* reported some weeks ago:

'A serious native riot occurred on Saturday at Port Elizabeth. The president of the Native Workers' Organization, named Masabalata, was arrested. His followers attacked the police station with the object of releasing him. The police and troops had to fire before the mob would disperse. The natives then attempted to seize the power station outside the town, and to burn the petrol stores, and the police were again compelled to fire. Twenty-two persons were killed and forty wounded in these affrays. The rapid increase of a black industrial class has been followed by the spread of extreme socialism among the natives in the compounds near the large towns. It is easy to imagine how the inflammatory doctrines to which the ordinary British workman is immune may lead the half-educated or illiterate natives astray. The black agitators are, of course, encouraged in their racial propaganda by the bitter dissensions between the white parties. As there are less than a million and a half white people in the South African Union and at least five million blacks, the question needs very careful handling. Mere repression will not suffice.'

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RUSSIA'S AGRICULTURAL DECAY

Moscow *Pravda*, an official Bolshevist newspaper, in a recent attack upon the soviet Agricultural Department, states that the cultivated area in Russia was from ten to twenty per cent less in 1920 than it was in 1919. This is attributed principally to lack of seed. This year the peasants in many departments will have no seed whatever. Added to this, fertilizing has been completely neglected; partly because live stock has been slaughtered for lack of forage. Some Bolshevist leaders propose to remedy this by increased official supervision and compulsion — in other words, to apply still more strenuously the theories of agricultural management partly responsible for the existing demoralization. Other Bolshevist leaders ascribe present conditions to the fact that the peasants have no incentive to raise more than they require for their own consumption, and point out that cultivators are turning so far as possible to crops which the government cannot easily commandeer.

In a word, the Bolsheviki themselves seem to be split into two parties, one advocating still greater regulations of agriculture, and the other favoring private initiative among the peasants by relaxing the present government control and substituting for it a fixed levy, or taxation in kind, upon crops, leaving the cultivators the remainder to dispose of as they will. The most prominent champion of the latter theory, which amounts practically to a reversion to taxation in place of nationalized agriculture, is Rykoff, chairman of the Supreme Economic Council.

CLASS HATRED IN RUSSIA

A GERMAN contributor to *Kölnische Zeitung*, in an account reporting his own observations in Bolshevist Russia, thus describes Peters, the chairman of the Extraordinary Commission.

After five or six speakers have appeared, repeating the same ideas and almost the same words, a blonde, slender man of middle height and sharp, irregular features, steps on the platform. Definite applause greets this man, in his high top boots and white sheepskin jacket. He is the chairman of a notorious All-Russian Extraordinary Commission for combating speculation and counter-revolution. Many a Russian crosses himself when hearing this man's name, as though the evil one were at his shoulder. When this stormy greeting subsides, the man speaks — at first in short staccato sentences. He stutters, and repeats himself, as though his words were not strong enough to express his thoughts. He says the same things as his predecessors, but in accents of unbounded, unextinguishable hate — hatred for a class of people which but yesterday sat in the seat of authority and enjoyed abundance, but to-day lies prostrate.

His words fire the audience. Unwashed hands wave caps in wild enthusiasm, while lust for vengeance surges unchained through the audience. He describes the self-indulgent bourgeois dragged from his easy chair, the loitering do-nothing snatched off the street, the arrogant factory boss called from his office and sent to hard labor in the coal mines, and fine ladies, but yesterday wearing costly furs, to-day sweeping the streets with their tender hands, or scrubbing the floors of their former servants.

And that waspish, stuttering man there, is not feeding his listeners with empty promises. Many have been sent to forced labor in the mines, just as he describes.

JAPAN'S CHANGING MENTALITY

CAPTAIN VON KNORR, who has represented the conservative Berlin daily, *Der Tag*, in Japan for several months, comments in a recent letter to that journal upon the changes apparently taking place in the mentality of the Japanese people, as a consequence of the economic and moral effects of the war and the crises which have followed. He believes that radical movements are growing stronger, both among the working people and the educated classes. Not only are wage earners striking for better wages and better conditions of employment, but

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pupils and university students are striking for better teachers and better methods of instruction. In reviewing the government's attitude toward the situation, he says that the ruling classes 'regard with growing concern the increase of intellectual discontent, and the apparent decline of strong national sentiment among the common people, a phenomenon which reveals itself particularly in popular indifference toward the California question and other foreign problems. There is always a temptation to divert attention from domestic conditions, by an effort to revive the *bushido* spirit whenever a favorable opportunity occurs. My readers need not be reminded of the opportunities to do this afforded by the aggravation of friction between Japan and the United States, by conditions in China, and by the elimination of Seminoff, the last anti-Bolshevist leader in Eastern Siberia, with the resulting advance of the internationalist enemies of civilization to the very frontiers of the empire.'

ARGENTINE ACTORS IN EUROPE

BUENOS AIRES is one of the great theatre cities of the world. It has two large lyric theatres, several houses which give operettas and reviews, and fifteen or twenty where comedies and vaudeville are presented.

Now, a Buenos Aires theatrical company is making a tour of Europe, playing at Madrid, Paris, Brussels, and several places in Italy. It opened at the Princesa Theatre, Madrid. The reception given the Argentine plays has been cordial, though perhaps not enthusiastic. The pieces presented show a strong French influence, but are said to contain much local color, and to present distinctively New World types and New World energy of movement.

MINOR NOTES

FRANCE is involved in a debate over its future railway policy. Parliament will not listen to government purchase and operation, not wishing to increase the state's control of private business. It has approved an Act to continue the existing companies, but to federate them. Each system will preserve its identity as an operating unit, but will be subordinate to a national organization composed of representatives of each company, of the railway employees, and of the public, under the general supervision of the government. The balance wheel of the whole organization will be a committee of control appointed from the boards of management of the individual companies. The surplus earnings of some companies will be used to meet the deficits of others, but the plan is to make all the roads self-supporting; if necessary, by a considerable increase of rates.

ALTHOUGH there appeared to have been local and temporary betterments in the employment situation in Germany during the past few months, conditions in the republic as a whole continue to grow worse. Between December 1 and January 1, the number of registered unemployed increased 17 per cent. The *Reichsarbeitsblatt*, the official labor bulletin, of January 30, points out that the government statistics do not indicate the full seriousness of the situation. They do not report idle workers who are not receiving unemployment relief. The number actually receiving such relief is now 400,000. Unofficial statistics indicate that the total number of unemployed is nearly four times this number. In Westphalia, for instance, one enumeration showed that where 2,642 unemployed workers were receiving relief, 6,530 were idle who were not receiving relief. In addition to this, a very large fraction of the

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nominally employed are working part time in establishments which operate only two or three days a week.

In a well informed article, a contributor of the *New Statesman* analyzes the present existing world-wide depression on industry as follows: 'The vital fact is that the world's productive power has increased out of all relation to its effective economic demand. Particularly in certain industries, and above all, those concerns which are making machinery and metal goods, every country under the stimulus of war conditions increased its capacity to an enormous extent. . . . We do not say that the world's capacity to produce industrial plant is out of proportion to the world's need of such plant, but it is certainly out of proportion to the world's present ability to pay for it with foodstuffs and raw materials.'

Among the novelties reported in the popular technical supplements of the German dailies is a coalless heater. This is an ornamental stove, suitable for living apartments, which burns grass, pine needles, shavings, sawdust, waste paper, coal dust, and pretty nearly everything, apparently, that would find its way into an ordinary incinerator. It requires filling once in eight or ten hours and is extraordinarily economical. A large room may be heated for twenty German pfennige, or, in our own currency, considerably less than one cent an hour. It is easy to kindle and to keep going. The damper temperature reaches nearly seven hundred degrees Fahrenheit, and a single stove can be so arranged as to heat two or three apartments.

Apparently, the passive resistance policy in India to prevent, particularly, the success of the government's reform law has not won public support. In only six of the six hundred and thirty-seven constituencies at the recent election were candidates lacking, and in some districts, sixty per cent of the registered voters cast their ballots. On the other hand, the peasantry and common people are protesting violently against unsatisfactory economic conditions. Rent riots are not a new thing in the Orient. Too much political significance should not be attributed to those which recently occurred in India.

Hamburg is experiencing a revival, but one not altogether pleasant to German observers. While the harbor is crowded with vessels, they mostly fly foreign flags. Last December, sixty-seven foreign shipping lines had registered offices in that city. Of these, twenty-two were English, and eleven Dutch. Traffic is so active that wharfage is at a premium. The fisheries are a flourishing local industry. During the war, apparently, fish had an opportunity to multiply in the North Sea. At any rate, last year's catch was between two and three times the normal catch before the war.

A correspondent of *L'Independance Belge* writing from Santiago, Chile, last December, describes the business crisis in that country, due to the precipitate fall of prices, as verging upon a panic and as being aggravated — as it has been in the Argentine — by labor troubles. The coal miners were at that time on a strike, with a result that railway service had been curtailed from lack of fuel, and some 200,000 tons of coal had been ordered from the United States. The Chile Federation of Labor embraces 250 national unions with more than 300,000 members, and has decided to go into politics.

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[*Die Neue Zeit* (Conservative Socialist Weekly), *February 4*]

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF WILHELM II

BY DR. A. KOSTER

[Dr. A. Koster, recently German Minister of Foreign Affairs, has just published a book describing more fully, and with ample documentary citations, the former Kaiser's foreign policy, under the title, *Wilhelm als Diplomat.*]

We may summarize the foreign policy pursued by Wilhelm II for thirty years as aiming to strengthen the German military state erected by Bismarck in Central Europe, first, by building a powerful navy, and second, by forming a continental alliance, for the purpose of destroying England's supremacy as a world power. His anti-English programme was at times kept in the background. But his ambition to make Germany a naval power, rivaling and eventually superseding England, was constantly the dominating motive of his foreign policy. This is well illustrated by his obstinate refusal to accept the alliances repeatedly offered him by England.

Wilhelm's fleet was his own creation. He forced it upon Germany, in spite of the obstinate resistance of the people, buying conservative support with high tariffs upon agricultural produce, and the support of the Centre Party by school concessions and other favors. His constant additions to the fleet were the only consistent feature of Wilhelm's foreign policy. Our navy was advocated as a defensive weapon, but constructed as an offensive weapon.

No question remains as to that. Honest German citizens were deluded by Admiral Tirpitz and his press supporters, with the fable of a defensive fleet; but foreigners were never deceived for a moment as to the true purpose of our armored cruisers. Many German diplomats disapproved of this policy, and warned the government against it. They were men who did not understand the task laid out for them by the navy people. Admiral Tirpitz defined their duty, in 1889, as 'to divert the attention of Germany's neighbors to other things until our naval armament is finished.'

No one could be blind to the fact —not even Wilhelm II—that this policy aroused the suspicion of England, induced that country to strengthen its fleet, and compelled it to weave a network of diplomatic alliances around Germany. The Kaiser was repeatedly reminded of this; but it did no good. He knew what was happening, and was ready to take the consequences. He might, in fact, have shouldered the consequences of his naval programme without inconvenience, if the rest of his scheme for strengthening Germany had proved successful — I mean his plan to unite all of Europe against England. His whole dream of making Germany a world empire depended on this. A navy alone was not enough. Germany's rivalry with England was practicable and possible only so far as we succeeded in winning the support of Europe against England.

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Bismarck had seen, during his life time, German commerce and industry develop into a world commerce and industry. The Empire acquired its first colonies when he was Chancellor. This brought the natural rivalry between England and its new competitor to the front. It is worth our time to stop and consider how Bismarck dealt with this situation.

His continental policy was based upon the premise of doing nothing to antagonize England. His continental alliances were always conditional upon good relations with England. He stated that thesis plainly in the late 'eighties, against some of our clamorous fire-eaters: 'Lord Salisbury's friendship is worth more to me than twenty swampy colonies in Africa.' This great master of old school diplomacy knew only too well, that unless Europe could be united against England, an anti-British policy was worthless. He had to choose on one occasion between Austria and Russia. He knew that the peace of Frankfort would always prevent a reconciliation between Germany and France. He knew that our ally, Italy, would stick to the Triple Alliance only so long as it could serve as a middleman between England and Germany. Therefore, he not only avoided antagonizing England, but toward the end of his political career, when relations between Germany and Russia were becoming strained, and the danger of an alliance between Russia and France was imminent, he exerted himself to establish closer relations with Great Britain. In fact, on November 22, 1887, he suggested in a private letter to the English Premier Salisbury, a direct alliance between the two governments.

Even after Bismarck's retirement, German policy, for a time, pursued the former path. Caprivi was an outspoken enemy of any adventuresome naval or colonial policy, so long as Germany was not protected against Russia and France, its allied enemies on the continent, by an agreement with England. It was not until the middle 'nineties that Wilhelm II began to make his ideas felt in foreign affairs. Immediately after England's relations with the Boers became critical, he began his anti-English campaign, which only terminated on August 4, 1914, when war was declared between the two countries.

Wilhelm II dreamed for a time of uniting all continental Europe. He had a high regard for Witte, the Russian statesman, because the latter advocated his idea. We pass over the question whether it was not too late in the middle 'nineties, to try to combine the Triple Alliance and the Dual Alliance into a Quintuple Alliance, such as Wilhelm II mentioned in his letter to the Tsar. Only this much is certain; that Wilhelm II was not the right man to accomplish this, and that he never seriously attempted it. He embarked upon a great navy policy. It was ridiculous to think of an alliance with Russia, while he was simultaneously advertising himself in Turkey and Asia Minor as the friend and champion of the Turks. Bismarck appreciated the true factors in a policy for conciliating Germany and Russia far better, when he proposed to leave the Tsar a free hand on the Dardanelles. You could not harness Austria-Hungary and Russia in front of the same wagon, while regarding the relations between Germany and the Danube monarchy from a [illegible] continental and unworldly a point of view as Wilhelm did from the very beginning of his reign. Bismarck never backed up Vienna's policy in the Balkans through thick and thin, the way Wilhelm backed up his '*Niebelungen loyal councillor.*'

Wilhelm at one time considered including the 'Socialist Sansculotte Re-

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public' beyond the Rhine in his continental scheme. His real opinion of those neighbors, whom he commonly referred to as 'D — d Democrats,' is indicated by the supercilious way in which he discussed with the Tsar the unwelcome probability of having to include them in his proposed alliance. But that was not important. The principal thing was that at the very time he flirted with the idea of associating the French with his continental programme, he destroyed every possibility of such an arrangement by raising the Morocco issue. He was absolutely blind to the fact that a reconciliation between Germany and France demanded a radical reversal of our policy regarding Alsace-Lorraine. German diplomacy under Wilhelm II completely failed to recognize that durable alliances demand mutual concessions, such as England and France made to each other.

Let me repeat: Germany's efforts to acquire a dominant place in the world might theoretically succeed against England, if we had the whole continent back of us. In that case, however, our whole foreign policy would have had to be revised with this continental system primarily in view. Instead of that, Germany raged about the world like a headstrong bully, challenging friend and foe alike, and winding up in the 'splendid isolation' which England planned for it. Wilhelm II not only failed to attach Russia and France to Germany, but he automatically weakened the ties which joined Italy to the Triple Alliance in precisely the degree in which he alienated England.

In 1887, Great Britain rejected Bismarck's proposal for an alliance. Germany had not yet reached the point to justify, in the mind of England, such close coöperation. In 1895, however, Great Britain suggested to the Kaiser a general scheme of coöperation in Turkey. Germany had become stronger. A government either crushes a powerful rival or makes terms with it. England tried the latter. This occurred just at a time when Wilhelm's diplomacy definitely turned against Great Britain. England made a liberal offer: the partitioning of Turkey among Germany, Austria, and England. From Salisbury's standpoint this plan had, to quote his own statement, two great advantages: securing control of some of the most fertile agricultural regions and richest mineral districts of the world, and guaranteeing enduring friendship between England and Germany by giving each enough to occupy itself for a century to come. Echardtstein, to whom we owe the most precise information concerning these negotiations, discussed the project ten years later with August Bebel. Bebel hit the nail on the head when he remarked that Wilhelm II and his advisors ought, in the interest of Germany and the world, to have been hanged for rejecting this offer.

Naturally, Great Britain did no make these overtures in 1895, and subsequently in 1898, merely out o consideration for Germany. We mus bear in mind, always, that an alliance with England might under certain circumstances signify war with Russia. This consideration might cause a pacifist government to reject this alliance, but not a government like that of Wilhelm, which was ready to risk a war at any time in defense of its naval programme, its Bagdad railway project, and its annexation of Kiaochow The probability of war was equally strong, whether we adopted the so called 'western policy,' of friendship for England, or the so-called 'eastern policy,' of friendship for Russia. The only difference was that our eastern neighbors had already made hard and fast engagements elsewhere, while th

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western power had a free hand; and that the western neighbor made an open offer, while our eastern neighbor had been scheming against us ever since the Berlin Congress.

The promise of a continental alliance under German leadership existed only in the fancy and vain self-delusion of Wilhelm II. The possibility of a fruitful world career for Germany, as Great Britain's junior partner, could not be questioned. The danger of war was greater in case of a British alliance than in case of a Russian alliance — but the prospect of success was greater. Germany, however, would have to sacrifice one thing — its dream of dethroning England from its world supremacy. That was what Wilhelm II's vanity could not tolerate. That explains why England's further overtures in 1898, which came from the English Colonial Minister, Joseph Chamberlain, failed on account of the Kaiser's opposition. At that time, the latter had again conceived a great notion of allying Germany with Russia.

These English tenders, which Eckardtstein brought to the Kaiser at Homburg, had been worked out after several weeks of confidential negotiations between Chamberlain, Lord Beresford and their associates, representing England, and Count Hatzfeldt, the German ambassador in London, representing our country. Naturally, they were aimed against Russia, and they formed the burden of Wilhelm's famous letter of May 30, 1898, to the Tsar. This letter showed how serious the English tender was even in the Kaiser's eyes, and that it contemplated an eventual Entente with the Triple Alliance, with the possible entry of Japan and the United States. The Kaiser boasts that he gave the offer a cool reception, and a deliberately colorless reply. Notwithstanding that 'the offer was renewed for a third time in unmistakable terms, with liberal concessions affording such great prospective advantages for my country, yet I considered it my duty to Germany to weigh the matter carefully before I replied.'

We all know how this 'weighing the matter carefully' ended. When Wilhelm inquired what Nicholas could offer him in return for rejecting the English proposal, he did not get a serious answer. In another letter, written on August 18, Wilhelm was very exuberant in his assertion that England would never succeed in forging a continental sword out of Germany against Russia. He made merry over the fact that England, after its rebuff by Germany, was now trying to ally itself with France. He was not sharp enough to see that by this manœuvre Germany would eventually be entoiled and crushed.

Before that occurred, however, Germany was once again — and for the last time — given a chance to choose its destiny. That was during England's embarrassment in South Africa. During the interval, Great Britain and France had been drawing closer together. Germany had due warning. France was working industriously to remove all sources of conflict between itself and England. Russia had acquired so strong a position that it no longer contemplated making any concessions to Germany. England's teeth were in South Africa. Chamberlain observed, as early as the autumn of 1899, that if the negotiations between England and Germany should fail, he would have no other recourse than to take up the question of an alliance with Russia and France.

Late in the autumn of that year, Wilhelm II and Bülow discussed with Chamberlain the future relations of Germany and England, at Windsor Castle. The result was that Chamber-

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lain shortly afterwards, in his famous Leicester speech, stated publicly, that 'England and the German Empire are natural allies.' At the special desire of the Kaiser, he incorporated a friendly reference to the United States in this allusion. Our London embassy believed for a moment that the thing would succeed. But it had not taken into account the character of Wilhelm II, the wilful perversity of German diplomacy, and the political stupidity of the German people. Pro-Boer agitation was at its height. The Tirpitz newspapers were raging more scandalously than ever. Neither Bülow nor Wilhelm were able to check the anti-English campaign which they themselves had started, now that it had been taken up by Tirpitz and his organizations. Bülow bowed to the storm, and delivered a speech of almost unbelievable surliness in reply to Chamberlain. The seizure of the German vessel *Bundesrat* threw oil into the flames. Wilhelm had fallen completely under the influence of the military and naval fire-eaters. After his return to Berlin, he threatened England with a forty-eight hour ultimatum on account of the seizure of this vessel. So within a few weeks the former tension between the two countries was renewed.

That was next to the last act before the final tragedy. The last act was played during the first six months of 1901. England was seriously disturbed by Germany's wavering policy, and was considering the possibility of an alliance with Russia and France much more earnestly than hitherto. This time, also, Joseph Chamberlain took the lead. Conversing with his colleague, the Duke of Devonshire, in the library of Chatsworth Castle, in January, 1901, he summarized his views as follows: 'England's period of splendid isolation is over. England is ready to reach an agreement upon all pending diplomatic questions, particularly those relating to Morocco and East Asia, with either one of the present continental alliances now in existence. Already, the idea of England's joining the Franco-Russian Entente has open champions in the cabinet. We, however, belong to the party which would prefer joining with Germany and the Triple Alliance. Should it prove, that association with Germany is impossible, we must consider coöperating with France and Russia, even though that may cost great sacrifices in Morocco, Persia, and China.'

Soon after this conversation, Queen Victoria died. Negotiations were broken off for a period. Berlin's view of the case is perhaps best indicated by the fact that Bülow and Holstein made every effort to impress upon the Kaiser the importance of not mentioning the new proposal, when he went to England to attend the funeral. Notwithstanding this, the Kaiser seems to have been moved by the spirit of the occasion to adopt a more friendly attitude than hitherto toward England's overtures.

Unhappily, what occurred in 1899 was repeated. Wilhelm had scarcely got back to Berlin before he again fell completely under the influence of the prevalent anti-English sentiment. In place of the *Bundesrat* incident, the German government was now busied with the claims of certain German firms in South Africa for damages, and the question of a Chinese war indemnity. Instead of resuming the negotiations started by Chamberlain, the German Foreign Office, to the intense delight of Russia and France, became engaged in a violent controversy with England over minor questions which were mere bagatelles in comparison with the great question of Germany's general foreign policy. Our people thought they could venture on this

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course because they considered an understanding between England and Russia inconceivable. Chamberlain became nervous: 'We would gladly make extensive concessions to Germany, affording that country at least equal advantages, and perhaps greater advantages, than we ourselves would receive. Since we know, however, that every communication which Berlin receives from us is at once forwarded to St. Petersburg, it can surprise no one if we hereafter exercise the greatest reserve in our communications to Berlin.' However, his views remained the same as when he expressed them to the Kaiser and Bülow at Windsor Castle a year before. But he did not intend to burn his fingers a second time.

As a result, despite the impetuous and erratic diplomacy of Berlin, negotiations were actually resumed the following March. They looked toward a German-English alliance to which Japan might become a party. On March 25, our London embassy had agreed with Lord Lansdowne upon the possible alliance. Then, suddenly, 'the Kaiser's irritation at England's delay in the matter of the Chinese war indemnity'— (Holstein's telegram of March 25) — again upset things.

Our London embassy was almost beside itself with anger at 'the fool's paradise in Berlin.' The German government sent a special commissioner to London to insist on a speedy settlement of the indemnity question. Just at this time, Wilhelm's notorious letter to King Edward was received, in which he referred to the members of the English cabinet as 'arch blockheads.' The negotiations were carried on a little longer in this stupid, diplomatic anarchy. They were not terminated until they were transferred from London to Berlin. Alfred Rothschild, who labored constantly for a better understanding between the two countries, described the final and farcical stage of these proceedings, of which Wilhelm did not keep himself informed, as follows: 'The negotiations in London were a serious business; but what is now going on in Berlin is simply faking. No serious British statesman attaches the slightest importance to Bülow's fair-spoken, non-committal phrases. The English ambassador laughs over the blunders and tactlessness of Berlin officials. Furthermore, the government, apparently, does not know, even to-day, what it really wants.'

That was written in June, 1901. Germany did not wish such an alliance. It showed the same cold aversion which it had exhibited toward a general understanding with England, toward another British proposal, made in July, for joint action in Morocco, independently of France. Our Foreign Office ridiculed the idea of an Anglo-French alliance as much as it did that of an Anglo-Russian alliance. So history took its course. The following October, Chamberlain replied to Germany's attack upon England's military policy in South Africa, with his famous challenging speech in Edinburgh. Balfour followed him. In 1903, England and France began to negotiate, and in 1904 they signed a secret preliminary arrangement regarding Egypt and Morocco. The Anglo-Japanese alliance had been concluded in 1902. After Russia's defeat, England and Russia began negotiations which found their first public expression in the agreement of 1907. With this act, the encirclement of Germany began. The growing tension between Germany and England made Italy a useless member of the Triple Alliance. Thereupon began the final, fatal, diplomatic struggle between the disintegrating Triple Alliance and the integrating Triple Entente. Germany plunged headlong

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toward the abyss. The efforts made shortly before the war, by Bethmann-Hollweg and Lichnowsky, to come to a belated understanding with England, were a death-bed repentance which did no good. The catastrophe which was to overwhelm us brought their efforts to naught.

At outs with England, hopelessly separated from France, disliked by Italy, Wilhelm II kept seeking the support from Russia which he might have had from England, but frivolously threw away. He continued to appeal, and to implore the Tsar. Finally, when after protracted efforts and unending concessions he did get what he thought was a treaty with Russia and Björkö, in 1905, it proved to be a worthless will-o'-the-wisp thing. It has never been revealed who, besides Wilhelm II signed this treaty for Germany. The Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs never signed it. The Russian Minister of the Navy signed in his place, at the side of the Tsar's signature, actually without taking the trouble to read the document, as Count Witte tells us in his memoirs — and Russia denounced the treaty almost as soon as it was signed.

This is, briefly, the history of diplomatic relations between Germany and England. Let me repeat: Theoretically, a continental policy against England might have succeeded. But so long as the indispensable preliminary conditions for such a policy were absent, it was in actual practise doomed to failure. Without the continent solidly behind Germany, the German navy was helpless. Wilhelm II built that navy, and thus led Germany to its destruction between two fires. A foreign minister with such a catastrophe on his conscience would deserve to be called before the nation's judgment seat for his acts. The German people should study their history. The question of restoring the monarchy should be pondered in the light of an historical inquiry into what it has done.

ANATOLE FRANCE

[France, and indeed all Europe, is asking with interest not unmingled with concern what the allegiance of so many of its most brilliant literary men to extremist social theories means. We publish, below, two contributions to this debate. The first is by Franc-Nohain, from the conservative clerical daily *Echo de Paris* of January 24; and the second by George Slocombe, a special correspondent of the London *Daily Herald*, a British labor paper, from its issue of February 18.]

I

IMMEDIATELY after the Socialist Party split at the congress of Tours, the Communists joyfully announced that Anatole France had become a convert. They made a great ado over their new adherent.

I admire the genius of Anatole France. His character is another matter. The political opinions of a writer are determined by his character. They have nothing to do with his genius.

What benefit will the Communist Party receive from the assistance of this distinguished author? Let me, first of all, show how easy it is to refute Anatole France, the Communist,

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by citing Anatole France, the writer. Let us refer to his books. Note the vigorous terms in which the author of the *Jardin d'Epicure* denounced and condemned beforehand the folly and illusion of the Third International. 'Men prophesy, and even fancy they already witness, great social changes. That is the eternal error of the prophetic mind. Change is beyond question the first law of life; all that lives is in a ceaseless state of transformation. It varies insensibly and almost without our knowledge. All progress, whether toward better things or worse is slow and steady. But there will be no great changes; there never have been. I mean by this, sudden and radical revolutions. Economic evolution follows the slow processes of natural law. Whether for good or evil, as we see things, society is always what it must be.'

When the writer of these words made his noisy advent into the Communist Party, did he know what he was doing? To what extent was he sincere?

For the truth is that Anatole France has always been the opposite of a popular writer, and even more markedly the opposite of a revolutionist. His taste, his mentality, his style, all withdraw him from the crowd, from its passions and its exaggerations. His genius rests on measure and tradition.

Can this enemy of whatever offends artistic proportion be converted, suddenly and sincerely, into a real extremist? Some explain his action by his advanced age. That is unworthy of him. Anatole France has lost nothing of his clarity of mind with passing years. Arriving at the period when his genius was rather at its climax than in its period of decline, he discovered that in spite of himself, he was a bourgeois, or worse than that, an aristocrat. He is an aristocrat by virtue of his literary style, which bears the features of noble ancestors, and by virtue of an exquisiteness of taste which is the gift of inherited and ancient culture. He is an aristocrat in the refinement of his perceptions, in his love of luxury, of beautiful books, and of rare bindings. His mind, above all, is that of an aristocrat. His skeptical smile, his graceful nihilism, his superior irony are the tokens.

But people do not sway mobs by irony. Anatole France knows that well. He knows it as well as did Voltaire, who observed: 'Irony does not arouse passions . . . it does not touch the heart.'

Anatole France, who possesses charm rather than kindly sympathy, who — not holding the direct route to the heart — still knows every path which leads to the intelligence, has conceived the ambition, the dream, of carrying with him the mob, the ardent and passionate multitude.

He knows that he will always have the bourgeoisie with him, fascinated by the subtle charm of his writings. But to win the multitude, for whom his genius is a sealed book, he joins their ranks. What does he risk by this?

Possibly, he does not risk enough. Possibly, it is fear of taking risks which moves him—and this is a little irritating. Are we to believe that when the venerable author plays the part of patriarch of anarchy and mutters dark prophecies of the doom of the present order, he is really dreaming of that great day of judgment?

I recall some years ago a presentation of *Armide et Gildis* at the Odéon. It was a metrical drama in the severest style. But inasmuch as the author, Camille de Sainte-Croix, had a strong Socialist following, and was dramatic critic for a Socialist Party organ, his comrades sent an important contingent of enthusiastic spectators, who listened with pathetic attention and good faith

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to the Alexandrines of the poet, seeking to discover allusions to 'the cause,' where they, thank God, were absent. The author had enough good taste not to represent Armide as a pupil or rival of Jaurès — it was Armide and Gildis, not Armide and Jaurès — and if the enchantress, like Circe, transformed Renaud's companions into vile beasts, there was no reason to infer that these swine symbolized the capitalists.

However, that did not discourage the faithful political fellows of the author, who streamed through the lobbies between the acts with a serious air, regarding with distrustful hostility the frivolous throng of ordinary Parisian theatre-goers, and muttering to themselves: 'now we are going to see who are the real people.'

It is hard for me to imagine that Anatole France, sagacious and world wise as he is, seeks the suffrage of such amateurs. I can imagine the painful surprise of the latter, were they to search for the pure doctrine in a book as reactionary as his *Les Dieux ont Soif*, or as recondite as *La Révolte des Anges*.

However, no one supposes that Anatole France has put his best work, the work that bears the tokens of his genius, in the few tracts, public letters, interviews, and manifestoes, which he has issued over his name; and which we can best describe, perhaps, by saying that they bear no resemblance whatever to the characteristic writings of their author.

It would be as though we tried to judge Renan's work from his campaign literature in 1869, when he was candidate for Seine-et-Marne. Curiosity once moved me to hunt through the archives of the prefecture of Melun for the election documents of this illustrious candidate. I found posters and circulars, signed Ernest Renan. Their style was commonplace, their thought was mediocre. I fairly shuddered when I read them.

Anatole France contributes no more to the cause of his Communist comrades than Renan bestowed upon the voters of La Brie.

That is why I continue to believe that Anatole France is a convert who adds but little to the strength of the Communist Party. As a party member he is simply Monsieur France, not Anatole France. It is not the great master hand of France's literature who shines in their ranks. In reality, it means only one Communist more, a Communist who is not our Anatole France, but simply Comrade Thibaut — to revert to his ancestral name.

II

ALL his many days he has savored life with a fine enjoyment, this greatest satirist of our age; delicately, but with gusto, and always with that hidden but tender laughter, as at some half-divined jest of Fate. And now, when his years are heavy upon him, he still looks at life through his clear, appraising eyes, like an old connoisseur of wines looking through his glass at the light above the dinner table. A great subject for a great painter of portraits, like all the faces of noble men in their old age, with his deep eyes and high-domed brow full of a wisdom almost Oriental in its clear quality; broad shoulders, with the scholar's stoop, and spade beard sparkling silver in the lamplight.

I talked with Anatole France in a great hotel that confronts proudly, from its high, out-jutting Cape, the hidden African continent across the intervening blue of the Mediterranean.

'I am a very old man, and aloof from many things,' said this greatest of the intellectuals within the fold of the Communist International. 'But I look out from my retreat upon the

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world, and it seems to me very black. Capitalism has emerged from the war stronger than ever. Militarism has grown, instead of shrunk. My own country of France, even the mass of its people, is the most militarist in the world. War and the war spirit are now in its bones, and one sees the devastating result in the foreign policy of our government, in the military missions and alliances, the secret activities of our agents abroad, the encouragement of bellicose peoples and allies.

'It seems to me that the present unemployment and financial crises are not so much natural as artificial, that they are but another manœuvre of Capitalism to strengthen itself, to wear down and destroy its enemies, to rivet the chains of the workers yet more securely upon them. Unemployment, one can see, is not hurting the rich, secure and living at ease on the immense profits they made out of the war. But it is a clever weapon to employ against the poor, to grind them down into the dust, to drive them in despair into a premature revolt, the plans to combat and destroy which are already fully prepared.'

Faced with this tremendous enemy of Reaction and Capitalism, the Socialist Parties of the world, thinks Anatole France, were hopelessly unprepared. New weapons were necessary in this unequal battle, and the familiar tactics of the old Labor Parties and Socialists, with their courageous but futile parliamentarism, their resolutions and protests, were outgrown and obsolete. 'The old French Socialist Party was killed by the war,' he declared to me with a wide gesture of his hands, 'and the Tours Congress merely buried it. I am sorry for Leon Blum and Longuet and my other friends of the Dissident Right Wing of the old party who will go on fighting a gallant but hopeless battle for independence, but in the end must inevitably be engulfed by the Socialist Republicans in the Chamber, in a *Bloc des Gauches*.

'The present persecutions of the Communists do not appear to me to be a very serious campaign by the government against the revolutionary elements in the country. They are probably only designed as a sop to the Right Wing of the Chamber, without whose support the government's majority would be exceedingly precarious. The real battle will come later.

'Although the new Communist Party in France is not definitely anti-Parliamentarian, and indeed regards Parliamentary action as useful within certain limits, I can only think we have reached in France the end of the Parliamentary epoch for revolutionary purposes. I have always thought that Parliamentarism corrupted and weakened Socialist action, and during the life of Jaurès, who was perhaps the greatest of Parliamentary Socialists, I had many lively discussions with him on this question. When I asked him how the Socialist members proposed to combat a certain government measure, he would reply, "We shall vote against the Budget." And I invariably retorted, "But in spite of you it will be passed, and then where is the value of your vote?" Or, on another occasion, I would point out to him that the Socialist vote merely deprived one capitalist government of a majority in order to give it to another.'

I think the war bit very deeply into the soul of this old man, who has labored all his life for peace and liberty, and the ennobling of men's lives through joyful and creative work, under free conditions. When he spoke of it, there came a bitterness into his voice that otherwise is alien to a great mind, above petty animosities. I had asked him if he thought any great art had been born in the war, and he replied,

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'No. The war could only destroy.'

And the calm voice, with its undercurrent of a fierce regret, went on carving great phrases out of the supple French speech like a sculptor chiseling the rock. . . . . 'We are governed today by the innumerable hosts of men who made money out of the war. . . . The militarists and the reactionaries will grow more and more arrogant, more and more insensate, in their militarism and their reaction, until the time comes when they find the fruits of their victory bitter in their mouth. . . . The voice of the millions killed in the war is silent, and there is no tongue, save that of the Socialists, to speak for them.'

But there is hope yet, and a light burning in the ardent souls of men. Anatole France turns his old but still eager eyes toward the East, whence cometh salvation. 'There seemed no redemption possible for the Russian people from the black night of Tsarism,' he said. 'A revolution, and a successful revolution, seemed impossible. But Russia is a country where the impossible things are brought to pass, and the Bolshevist achieved them. The full fruits of the revolution in Russia, I imagine, cannot be realized until a world revolution occurs, but it is at least the beginning of Socialism in the world.'

[*Le Correspondant* (Liberal Catholic Bi-Monthly), *February 10*]

SINN FEIN PSYCHOLOGY. II

But already the Sinn Fein movement has passed beyond the stage where it is determined by personal motives. There is a large general conviction at work. It is a certain mystical faith in justice, which makes what is right and what is actual indistinguishable in its members' eyes, and whether rational or not, lends them incredible energy. Last, but not least, these people believe they are performing a historic task, continuing a tradition.

'It may be said with truth that the youth of every succeeding generation in Ireland are instinctive apostles of freedom. Their dream is to sacrifice their all for the cause. Each on-coming generation flocks spontaneously to the banner of freedom. All that is necessary at any time to rally the young men of Ireland to a standard is to raise it boldly in favor of independence. It is always possible to divert the young people of Ireland from a moderate to an extreme party, whenever the champions of independence propose a frank, attractive, and practicable programme.'

Excellently true in substance, even if not well expressed. What does the history of Ireland tell us? For centuries, the people obstinately resisted the English invasion. Since the surrender, when open warfare is no longer possible, they have continued to rebel and plot against the conqueror,—Phelim O'Neill in 1641, Sarsfield in 1691, the United Irish in 1782, the Volunteers in 1798, Emmet in 1803, Young Ireland in 1848, the Fenians in 1867! Whenever a moderate and constitutional policy has been accepted, as in the days of O'Connell's 'Farmers' Rights League,' or of Parnell and Redmond, it was only a makeshift, to tide over the period when the radical movement was temporarily submerged. The rebellion of 1916 verifies this law of alternation. So the Sinn Fein leaders realize that they are the legitimate heirs of the great legendary names which make the heart of every true Irishman swell with pride. Who can measure the effect of this feeling of historical continuity?

When Redmond demanded in 1914 that the Irish troops should be formed into a special brigade, commanded by Irish officers, and should fight under

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the green banner, was not even this partisan of legality proposing a forerunner of separatism? When he urged Parliament to withdraw all British troops from Ireland, and to trust the defense of the country to purely Irish contingents, did he not, consciously or unconsciously, look forward to an instrument of national defense, which might be utilized against any power whatever? The War Office understood, and persistently refused. From its point of view, it was quite right. I have read that Ireland made a mistake in not fighting side by side with the Allies, for the peculiar reason that this would have given the country four hundred thousand trained soldiers. The fact is that Redmond's last dream was the dream of Sinn Fein. Scratch any true son of Ireland, and you will find a Sinn Feiner underneath.

An old lady, a large land owner in Eastern Ireland, worried over her estates on account of the revolutionary atmosphere created by the Sinn Feiners, poured out her wrath against them for two hours by the clock. Our conversation then happened to turn to English rule. Griffith never cursed it more bitterly than she did. A former Redmond member of Parliament, exceedingly anti-German, who enrolled his son in the British army at the very beginning of the war, admitted to me: 'When I see an English military company march through the streets of Dublin, my feelings are too strong for me. I clinch my fists and have to go away. I cannot endure to see my son in a khaki uniform.' Such people may not understand their own true sentiments, but essentially they are identical with those of Sinn Fein.

. . . . . .

Now, what is the future of Sinn Fein? It is ridiculous to prophesy. But we may, at least, try to weigh the forces on both sides. What is the probability that it will achieve independence for Ireland? Very slight indeed.

When the Great War ended there were left victors and vanquished — vanquished likely to be treated worse because they were so deeply dyed with guilt. Sinn Fein has ranged Ireland on the side of the vanquished. Its defenders may urge the silly excuse that this was their right; that they were fighting for liberty against their masters, and that all they sought in Germany was an alliance against the English; that it was not their affair what the effect might be in the world at large; that it is a sacred duty to prefer national interests to other interests. Supposing we agree. But in that case how can they expect countries whom they tried to defeat, to champion their own cause? They have gambled on the wrong card and lost. Let them take the consequences. One can see what a paradox it was to appeal to the League of Nations, after having adopted a practise, abhorrent to the fundamental principles of the League. De Valera realized this, and in his speeches in America he emphasized unexpectedly, and in contrast with real sentiment in Ireland, the part taken by that country in the struggle against Germany.

But that is not the worst feature of the situation from the Irish point of view. There is the additional fact that the Irish are the subjects of a great conquering power. Peace did bring justice to many other nations which, like Ireland, fought against the future liberators of the world. Unless I am mistaken, General Haller, the Polish patriot, for a time, fought desperately against our Russian Allies. The Croats fought obstinately against our Italian Allies. That did not prevent our taking Haller to our bosom, or creating an independent Croatia, and even, I know not why, endorsing the national aspirations of certain ill-defined Slovak and

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Galician peoples. The theoretical right to independence is a hundred times clearer in the case of Ireland than in certain other cases where it has been recognized. Its people form a distinct nationality, with a language which still survives. Throughout all their history they have protested constantly against foreign domination. Why, then, should they be treated differently? Because it costs us nothing to give the Slovaks, the Poles, and the Croats, what they ask at the expense of a ruined Austria and a disintegrated Russia; but who is going to take Ireland away from an all-powerful England?

The United States? I much doubt it. Utterly defeated before the Peace Conference, Sinn Fein, for reasons I have already explained, took its appeal to the American Senate, where I feel it won but a Pyrrhic victory. Had the Senate ratified the Covenant, you say, it would have endorsed Article X, and, consequently, the subjection of Ireland? Quite true. But so long as there was an international tribunal, an appeal to that was possible. To whom would you appeal to-day? To the United States alone? But are you sure that the Irish question has not become, in the hands of the American politicians, what it has been in the hands of the English politicians, a mere campaign issue, to be shelved as soon as the election is over? And, practically, does not America's rejection of the Covenant indicate, first and last, that it does not propose to interest itself longer in European affairs, but to devote itself exclusively to business at home?

England remains. Ireland faces England alone, and there we at once run afoul Ulster.

It is hard to understand the power of Orange Ulster. But it is a literal fact, that, though it has but one fifth the votes of Ireland, it is more powerful than the other four fifths together. How is that explained? By the influence of the Ulster question upon English domestic politics. By the disproportionate power exercised by the Ulster members in the House of Commons. Orange Ulster rejects, on principle, separation from Great Britain, or any other weakening of the Act of Union. When the Liberal Party is in office, Ulster becomes, naturally, a battlefield into which the Conservative opposition tries to entice the government in order to overthrow it by an appeal to British patriotism. 'The Liberals are betraying England! The Liberals are handing over Englishmen who want to remain English, to their worst enemies and our worst enemies!' The Tories systematically aggravate the Ulster question in order to obtain political advantages at home.

But if you wish loyal agents you must pay them well. So the gentlemen in London have bestowed upon the gentlemen of Ulster, in remuneration for their services, an influence out of all proportion to the real importance of the Orangemen. Now, the Orangemen of Ulster are large land owners, great industrialists, and bigoted Protestants, who do not want to see the Irish question settled. It is to their interest that it should remain an open question. Were they to get a separate government for Ulster, they would find the Nationalists almost as strong as themselves. The last election resulted in the return of ten Sinn Feiners and five Home Rulers, against twenty Unionists and two Labor Unionists. Were they to submit the proposal for a separate Ulster to a popular vote, they would carry only four out of the nine counties of the province. Last of all, whatever the settlement might be, they would automatically lose the lucrative and influential administrative offices which they have, hitherto, practically monopolized. Orange Ulster

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is at bottom a syndicate of privilege, and any change in existing conditions spells a disaster for it. Consequently, its resolute opposition to every solution proposed for Ireland is not due to caprice, but to the instinct of self-preservation. So it uses its excessive influence, deliberately and coldly, to prevent any settlement from being put into actual effect.

This explains Carson's inclusion in the cabinet during the war. It explains the present policy of the British government. The Home Rule Act of 1914 was suspended shortly before it would have gone into effect. A second bill, which no one in Ireland wants, was voted in its place in 1920. Meantime, Ireland is virtually under military rule, subject to all the restraints and inconveniences of a country invaded by an enemy; people cannot be on the street after a certain hour, they cannot make an auto trip without a police permit, newspapers are suppressed at pleasure, meetings are prohibited at pleasure. Sinn Fein and all political organizations in sympathy with Sinn Fein are illegal, which amounts in practise to depriving two thirds of Ireland of civil rights; political prisoners are treated precisely like ordinary criminals. And this has proved only the beginning. Trial by jury has been abolished, military officers are omnipotent, martial law is imposed. Last of all, the situation has degenerated into a rule of arson, pillage, assassination, and deliberate massacre. Lloyd George justifies his conduct by the disorders on the other side — seizures of arms, assassinations, and attacks upon the officers of the law. Quite true. But I would make the point, that the best way to encourage secret political organizations, conspiracies, and violence, is to prohibit public societies, and to shut off the ordinary channels through which public opinion can express itself. In fact, the purpose of this policy is obvious. As early as November 30, 1919, the London *Times* said: 'There is strong evidence of the existence of a powerful conspiracy to prevent peace in Ireland. . . . The progress made toward a frank solution of the Irish question is undoubtedly most unwelcome to those elements in Ireland which regard any change from the *status quo*, a threat to their own privileges and interests. What would please these obstructionists most would be for Sinn Fein Ireland itself to wreck the project. It is difficult to escape the suspicion that the policy of repression recently inaugurated is the result of a deliberate intrigue. . . . We fear that the government of Ireland, with or without the complicity of members of the cabinet, is encouraging in Ireland a condition of sentiment, if not of rebellion, which will render a peaceable solution impossible. . . .'

However, it is not my purpose here to discuss the ethics of the course taken by the British government. Let us merely bear in mind three steps in this policy: 1, the suspension of the Home Rule Act of 1914; 2, the delay due to deliberations in committee, followed by the enactment of a so-called Home Rule Bill, accompanied by increasingly harsh repressive measures in the hope that general or sporadic disorders might result; 3, the conclusion that the Celt cannot be governed except by force, and a resumption, without any change whatever, of the old system, which has been working for centuries for the exclusive profit of the Orangist minority. It did not require much imagination to show up this farce. It is precisely the policy Pitt followed against the United Irish — a series of provocations ending in the rebellion of 1798, followed by the suppression of Irish autonomy by the Act of Union. There is nothing new in Ireland.

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In sum, Irish liberty faces a gloomy future. A future gloomy indeed for Sinn Fein, which incarnates and seeks that liberty. Internationally, Ireland faces Great Britain alone. It faces, at home, the inflexible and powerful veto of the Orangemen. There are, to be sure, in England, parties in favor of Irish autonomy: the Labor Party, the editors of the *Daily News* and the *Manchester Guardian*, and Mr. Asquith. But the Labor Party has never felt the responsibility of power. It is easy to be generous with gifts you cannot grant. If its leaders were holding the frying pan themselves, would they not let the Irish scorch? Is their liberalism anything more than opposition? I fear not. Mr. Asquith is a general without an army — a leader who has failed. Is not his professed love of Ireland merely a political weapon against a coalition for which he himself is responsible? I fear the probabilities are strongly in favor of a protracted period of disturbance, after which, England will again take tranquil possession of Ireland's government in the 'good old respectable manner' of the 'good old times.'

But if my forebodings are true, what will be the future of Sinn Fein? So far as its members constitute a political party, we may expect them to incur a reaction of unpopularity among their own people. Men who call upon a nation for a formidable effort, protracted through several years, leading to nothing but empty promises and futile failures, will, unquestionably, be exposed to bitter recrimination. It is a truism of history that the defeated party avenges itself on its own leaders. No matter how unanimous and violent the spirit of nationalism may be in Ireland to-day, no matter how powerfully it may be nourished by historical hatred and British aggravation, it will prove impossible to keep the people in a state of perpetual ferment. A period of weariness and exhaustion will ensue. Already, the business men of Ireland, and we are told no small portion of the land owning farmers, are hostile to Sinn Fein — not hostile to its principles, toward which they are apathetic, but to its semi-revolutionary policy, which injures business and interrupts trade. Among the Irish, moreover, there are a large number 'who live on good fare and not on fair words,' and who are interested first and foremost in their private prosperity. To make it short, Sinn Fein fights a losing battle. It will gradually be deserted as a political party by those people who have material interests to protect. That is the thing to be feared.

But on the other hand, let us also bear in mind that we must take into account that instinctive tenderness, so peculiarly characteristic of the Irish, for brave men who fight in a hopeless cause. That is the sentiment which old John Mitchell expressed with his savage, corrosive irony:

'Success makes right in this century of enlightenment, when for the first time we have not only admitted, but proclaimed brazenly that the victors are always right, and the vanquished are always wrong. If I were to say that I do not believe in this evangel, our century of enlightenment would only smile and say: "The defeated always think as you do." England has the right of way. All history written in English fashion will stigmatize Irish revolt as a rude interruption by ill-mannered disturbers. How shall I express it? Irish grumbling is the worst of bad form.'

To this generous love for the unfortunate is due the persistent sympathy of the Irish for Germany, which, in their eyes, is enhaloed with the poetry of defeat. Even if vanquished — I must push the paradox far enough to

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say, above all, if vanquished — Sinn Fein will regard as tragic heroes those who fought a good fight for Ireland. Honor bids the nation to remember loyally and to love the faithful.

On the other hand, economic interests, which may hasten the decline of Sinn Fein, may also in a different contingency strengthen the popularity of the movement. I am told that it is very common, now, for fathers and sons to take opposite sides in the Irish controversy. The former, whose memory goes back to the days of ill-paid toil and evictions, are contented with their new status of independent landowners. They would gladly let things be and enjoy their prosperity in peace. The younger generation, attaching no special value to a condition of well-being which it has known from childhood, and made the more venturesome by its ignorance of the hard knocks of the world, dreams only of liberty.

Education, itself so closely linked with material prosperity, has the same effect. The more property people acquire, the more schools they provide for the younger generation, and the larger becomes the number of educated people. With the awakening of the sense of intellectual dignity, comes an increasingly exigent demand for liberty. So in this respect, also, material prosperity may serve to strengthen Sinn Fein. Looked at from this standpoint, the English will make a serious blunder if they establish a National University in Ireland, and at the same time, plan to retain their present sovereignty intact. From such an institution there will pour forth every year, lawyers, journalists, doctors, professors who will be natural leaders of revolt. Such a directing class has already been created in Egypt and India, where it inspires the people with an insurgent spirit. A similar class will encourage chronic rebellion in Ireland.

So, if we examine Sinn Fein under another aspect than that of a vigorous but somewhat jealous and narrow party, with all the faults of extreme factions, its future is more promising. If it is true that Sinn Fein gathers within itself and renders effective for the time being the whole history of oppressed Ireland; if it is, in a sense, the incarnation of the spirit of eternal protest, how can it die? It will always have to fight those whose interests it attacks; but it will always rally to itself the spiritual forces of the nation. Quite probably, its combative spirit may wane at times, only to recover vigor later. Periods of constitutional agitation will alternate with periods of violent revolt. Sinn Fein may even lose its name, and its enemies in their blindness may celebrate its death; but either under its present name or a different one, it will continue to reappear, and though vanquished to-day and again to-morrow, it will prove in the long run, like a nation which preserves the will to survive, imperishable and invincible. In that sense of the word, Sinn Fein is Ireland itself, and the Ireland of to-day rejects English rule as decidedly as it did in 1848, 1800, 1691, 1641, and 1607. The only thing that might reconcile Ireland to that rule would be the benevolence and moral superiority of all the rulers. Ireland admits neither the one nor the other. Therefore, whoever strives to overthrow masters whom the nation neither respects nor loves, will be equally dear to its people; and some day, monuments will be erected to Pearse and Connolly in the squares of Dublin, as they are already erected in the hearts of all the Irish; and unpleasant as the thought is to Frenchmen like ourselves, the statue of Sir Roger Casement will be among them.

The only thing that could destroy this immutable tradition would be a

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dispersion of the race the way the Jews were dispersed, or, something still more difficult to imagine, a unanimous renunciation by the Irish of their own nationality. The conquerors hoped for such a renunciation in the eighteenth century, when, under the crushing weight of the Penal Law, the country slowly lost even the memory of its language and its history. It will always stand to the credit of Sinn Fein that it has devoted itself to restoring the spiritual consciousness of its people — a movement started in the nineteenth century — and that it was the first to realize, fully, the necessity for Ireland to rediscover itself, its past, its condition, and its destiny.

When a nation emerges from such an abyss — Bohemia, Poland, and Armenia testify to that possibility — is it reasonable to fancy that it will again fall into the same abyss and disappear forever? If not, what shall be done? Certainly, Ireland will never be able to free itself from England; but it is not to be a constant thorn in England's side — sometimes a danger, and always a disgrace. The only way by which its relentless hatred can be disarmed, will be to offer the country, at once, a sincere and radical change in its form of government, guaranteeing the equality of the two races. That is what England's own interest demands. But do its people realize this?

[*Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna Nationalist Liberal Daily), *January 17*]

A TRUE TALE OF VIENNA

BY ELSE FELDMANN

In a dark house in a narrow alley of our unhappy city, lives a blind soldier with his wife and three children. The man lies mostly in bed, weeping with his seared blind eyes — oddly he has learned to weep. His wife's mind has been affected by her grief. She will suddenly shriek in the midst of her work, tear her hair, and run round the room as if mad. Then the three children will begin to cry and pluck at her skirt; whereupon she will recover herself, kneel down and fondle her children, and weep quietly. The little pittance which the father receives from the government on account of his blindness by no means supports the family. The woman goes out to work; but since her mental condition makes her neglectful, forgetful, and distraught, she has lost every good position she obtained and has come down to only the lowest and dirtiest kind of work. So she toils long hours for meagre pay; for employers are quick to profit by the helplessness, as well as the lessened efficiency, of those who serve them. Of the three children, the oldest is a little girl of twelve years; the others nine and seven. They have known nothing during their young lives but hunger and privation, cold and darkness. The horror, when their blind father came back home, and the mother for the moment lost her reason, has left an enduring shadow of tragedy on their minds. The little twelve-year old girl has already learned to depend

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upon herself, and acts as if she were a grown woman. She is not only a mother to her little sisters, but earns something for herself — as maid-of-all work and helper in a laundry. She is employed from early in the morning until late at night; seldom going to school and falling asleep when she goes.

. . . . . .

In a red house with a flower garden, in South Sweden, there lives a widow. She has no children of her own, but only the son of her dead sister, a crippled, feeble-minded boy, fourteen years old. She provides a nurse for him, and he is cared for and attended to as though he were a little doll. He cannot speak, and must be fed like a bird. Most of the time, he lies still in bed and sleeps, with his mouth wide open.

The widow's house is large and beautiful, with many rooms, and the land about it as far as the eye can see, with its fields and meadows, its beach and forest, belongs to her. There are cows in the pasture and horses in the barn. Many servants live in little cottages nearby. In summer, the table is set for dinner in an arbor of rambler roses.

There the widow lives alone. Whenever she hears the short, shrill cry of the cripple boy, she hurries to him and strokes his withered hand. She loves the child, but as if he were a toy. He has no human attributes.

So the widow busied herself with the duties of the day. She rode over her estate, picked flowers, placed them in vases, and spun and wove. All the cupboards of the house are full of beautiful linen. Physical blessings have been bestowed upon her in abundance.

Then, one day, the appeal sounded through all Sweden — *Radda Barnen!* (Save the children!) This call from unhappy Vienna reached the home of the widow. She sat in her white linen gown and white widow's cap — although she was not yet old — on a bench in a grove of pine trees. 'Suppose I took a child from Vienna?'

She returned to the house at once, and wrote to Stockholm to have a poor child sent her from Vienna; a girl— some poor, starving girl.

As she thought more on the subject, of what a ray of sunshine a happy child would be in the house, and how it would fill her own empty life, her pleasant visions were suddenly brought to a halt — when the summer was over the child would have to go home. This was unendurable, so she sat down at once and wrote a second letter to Stockholm. She wished a child to adopt. The child must stay with her permanently, and would become her heir; its remaining was an imperative condition.

. . . . . .

The name, residence, and application of the widow reached Vienna, and came to the school which the little daughter of the blind soldier occasionally attended. The teacher read the list through, and the children to be sent to Sweden were selected. Here was a particularly favorable opportunity. A wealthy, childless widow, wished to adopt a poor little girl. The twelve-year old daughter was selected. She returned home and told her parents and sisters that she must go away. The parents made no protest. They were neither sad nor happy. It frightened them for a moment, but they at once submitted. Nothing else was possible, in their poverty and helplessness.

The day of departure came. The mother sat up the previous night, washing and mending the only clothes the little daughter owned. The girl bade them adieu, and, as if in a dream, boarded the train with her companions. As they sped along, viewing the sunny summer landscape, and the other little girls shouted and sang from the windows, she sat silently staring be-

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fore her. After three days and three nights, partly by train and partly by sea, she came, late one evening, to her destination. A beautiful carriage with two horses was waiting on the landing. The coachman descended from the box and called the little girl's name. She was lifted into the carriage, and at once lay down on the seat and went to sleep, so weary and weak was she.

The next morning, she awoke in a beautiful little bed-chamber where all the furniture was white. The sun was shining brightly, and the branches of a birch tree tapped against the windows like welcoming hands. Flowers were everywhere. Over the door was a wreath of oak leaves, and in the middle a card on which was in gold letters, 'Welcome, little daughter from Vienna.'

A moment later, the child's foster-mother came into the room. She observed the child — her thin neck, her weary, tortured eyes, the wrinkles of pain about her mouth. A feeling of pity filled her heart and an intense desire to make the little creature happy. She would give her everything. Here was something different from the passive, unconscious boy below. A real, true child, capable of receiving and returning love.

But the very next day, the child's new mother was undeceived. The little girl sat silent; she merely nibbled at the food placed before her, and showed no signs of pleasure. At first, the mother thought it was homesickness and would soon pass over. She dressed the little girl in beautiful clothes and boots, gave her a pony for her own use, and arranged to have her taught to play the piano. 'See,' she said to her; 'all these things will sometime belong to you. This great farm, all these pigs, and cows, and sheep, and chickens. In the winter, you will have a sealskin coat, and go sleigh riding. There are six cupboards filled with linen. And you have seen the silver and the porcelain, and the cut glass? And all the silk dresses? As far as you see, all these fields and woods, these pine trees, and birches, and oaks, and the two little sailboats at the wharf, and this orchard with more than fifty fruit trees, and all these rose bushes and the garden of beautiful flowers, will all be yours! Will you be a good daughter to me, and love me, and stay always with me?'

The little girl's head sank, and she wept silently. The foster-mother waited for a reply. 'How is it, my daughter?' she asked, humble, as people are who seek for love. The child raised her head, weakly, and whispered, amid her hot tears: 'I want to go home.'

Since she would not eat, and seemed to be getting constantly weaker, the widow, finally, became alarmed and sent for a physician;— a specialist, who came from the big city. He was a famous man, one who understood the souls of his patients. When he had observed the child, and heard what could be told him of her condition, he recognized the symptoms at once, and said: 'Sometimes, people suffer more than they can endure. Their hearts are really broken. Then, neither money, wealth, nor even the stars of heaven can help them. This little girl has suffered beyond her capacity of endurance. Her very soul is crushed, just like a withered flower, which cannot be revived even by showers and sunshine.' Before he left, he directed that the child should be left alone; perhaps a miracle would happen, and she would recover her normal character. He enjoined the widow to observe her carefully, for strange things happened to people thus affected.

A day or so later, the little girl rose early in the morning, washed herself, put on the clothing she had worn when she arrived, picked a bouquet of roses

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from the garden, laid it on the breakfast table, and went away. She walked through a little patch of woods and came out on the main highway. A peasant woman was passing in a cart. The child asked to be taken to the town. While the peasant woman did not understand her, she let her ride in the cart. When they reached the town, the child went to the railway station, waited an hour, and got in the first train that passed. At first, the conductor did not notice her, and not until she reached Berlin was it observed that she was traveling without a ticket. She could not explain. She merely cried, and said she wanted to go home to Vienna. Sympathetic people took an interest in her and provided her with a ticket to that city. A few days later, she reached Vienna. She had been away, altogether, two weeks. Scarcely had the train stopped, when she sprang wildly out of the car, and having no street-car fare, walked and ran a long distance to her home.

She came into the room, and sat down by the side of her father on his bed of straw. Her mother knelt on the floor near by, and the two little sisters snuggled up beside her. The little girl sat there, caressing her father, who with his frightfully deformed and emaciated face lay weeping with his mouth, the way the blind weep, and opening and closing his lips as a fish out of the water. The maiden stroked his gray hair, caressed his deformed features, kissed him, and then fell limp into her mother's arms.

The next day, the astonished neighbors saw the little girl again at her daily round of duties; sweeping and cleaning, going to the public kitchen for the dole of charity soup for her father. How was the little girl back home, whom they heard was living 'like a princess' in Sweden? Indeed, how did it happen?

[*The New Statesman* (British Radical Labor Weekly), *February 12*]

GERMANY'S DISILLUSIONMENT

BY LEVIN L. SCHÜCKING

THERE are, evidently, a great many people in England who, to a certain extent, are changing the mental attitude which they adopted toward Germany during, and immediately after, the war. But still they cannot get over certain things. Granted that the Germans were not exclusively responsible for the outbreak of the war, why did they not protest against useless cruelties and barbarities like the air-raids over London, the transportations of the Belgian citizens, the things that happened at Lille, and so on? Or, if they were muzzled at the time, why did they not afterward show unmistakably their disapproval, if not their repentance? Where are the signs of any 'catharsis' of the national mind in this sense? Has, for example, anything serious been done to punish those military leaders from whose hands emanated so much that destroyed the lives and happiness of tens of thousands? Evidently not. Well then . . . ?

This attitude, let us admit, undoubtedly appears in a certain sense to be justified. But things do not always appear the same if looked at from different sides. To understand rightly the German mind on this question, one must not lose sight of the historical development of things. There was a moment when not only the military power of Germany but also her 'creed' was shaken to the foundations. That was when the great breakdown of November, 1918, came. Most people, especially among the so-called 'educated classes,' had put so unshakable a faith in the military leaders that they would have expected anything rather than a sudden collapse of this sort. Everyone

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suddenly realized that this exaggerated confidence had rested on the foundation of a carefully elaborated system of lies. So the military defeat brought with it a moral discrediting of the whole system. It did not appear difficult to extend this discredit to militarism all round. The revolution which brought the ideas of socialism to the fore seemed to facilitate this. At a time when officers of the army did not dare to appear in uniform, in public, without being insulted or sneered at, and the victory of pacifist ideas seemed to be in the air, the transformation of the national mind — including the denunciation of the war-brutalities on both sides — seemed a mere natural consequence. In fact, pacifism in Germany was well on the way to a great popular victory. Those Germans who from the very beginning of the war had hoped the game would end in a 'draw,' because they could not regard a German victory as a likely benefit for the world or even for Germany, thought the time had come to make themselves the mouthpiece of what was called President Wilson's gospel.

Then came the terrible disappointment which blighted all such hopes. Nobody in Germany, not even the wildest Chauvinists, had anticipated what would happen. Germany, the great beleaguered fortress, surrendered unconditionally. But *the hunger blockade was not raised!* No one understood the reason why. Had we not laid down our arms and fulfilled every wish of the Entente Powers? Then where was the necessity for this? Was it a mere act of revenge? of punishment? So King Hunger kept his sway. Entente Commissions came and visited the starving towns. I have heard of British officers who came to Breslau and could not withhold their tears on seeing the indescribable sufferings of the children of the poor. They promised to send relief as soon as possible. But it never came. And then, slowly and surely, the situation changed, and the hope of winning over the German mind to a new conception of things grew dim. You cannot try to reform a man who feels himself 'more sinned against than sinning'— or at any rate, it is very difficult. What was begun by the blockade not being raised was finished by the Versailles Treaty, with its cynical disregard of the solemn promises of the Fourteen Points. It made those people who had talked of Wilson's gospel appear in a ridiculous light. 'Right above Might!' Here you see it enacted. 'Self-determination of Peoples!' 'A war against the German government and not against the German nation!' 'Aye, springs to catch woodcocks,' as Polonius says. And the tremendous wave of bitterness rolling over the starved and defeated country drowned all thoughts of what had happened before.

It certainly should have been the duty of the new government not to let itself be turned by any means from the path it had chosen. It had gained its position by dethroning a power deadly hostile to it, so that it would have been a mere act of common sense to discredit the old leaders as much as possible. At the same time, it would have served the highest moral interests of the country to make the truth known. Something was done in this direction. The publication of the documents concerning the outbreak of the war (the so-called *Kautsky-Akten*) was carried out conscientiously and with great care. Moreover, a kind of law court was constituted in order to cross-examine the political and military leaders, but it was scarcely to be called a success Then all measures of this sort came to a standstill. The strange political lethargy of the leading circles was caused partly, no doubt, by the weak-

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ness of the government and the growing influence of the reaction, but its principal reason was that in face of the gigantic grievances of the moment, everything that might have happened during the war seemed to lose its importance. Try to speak to a man of Belgium, Lille, or the air-raids over London, and he will instantly ask you what you think of the fact that *still today*, more than six years after the outbreak of the war, quite a number of unfortunate German prisoners are kept back in penal servitude at Avignon and other places in France. So one hard heart hardens the other.

The question of 'reparations,' too, is often looked at from the wrong side. Most people abroad seem to think that the Germans are trying in a more or less artful way to evade the incurred liabilities. This is certainly not so. One must remember that the German peace delegation at Versailles, in 1919, offered to pay 100 milliards of marks. It did not, of course, at the time think it possible that, contrary to the Fourteen Points, Germany was to be stripped of all her colonies, that she was to lose her mercantile marine, her cables, her private property in the Allied countries and elsewhere, that her economic arteries were to be cut open by force and by stratagem, that the Pole was to be invited to take from her as much as he liked. And now, after all this has been done, after she has been consciously and deliberately crippled, she is talked of as if she were the Germany of 1914, and asked to pay a sum of, at the present rate of exchange, more than 3000 milliards of marks in 42 years; in addition to this, her export trade is to bear a special tax of 12 per cent for the benefit of the Allies, control of the customs is to interfere with her sovereignty, and so forth, and so forth. The average law-abiding German is not able to grasp the whole meaning of this, but he finds by the most elementary arithmetic that, according to this scheme, every soul in Germany, including babies and children, has to pay to the Entente 50,000 marks — a family of six would be liable for 300,000 marks! Where is the man on the whole surface of the earth who thinks this possible? And this in a country whose underfed children are kept alive by the charity of the 'Society of Friends.' And the German reader remembers, during the war, hearing faint echoes from the other side of the wall of iron and fire, of the wild utterances of excited French papers demanding that the Germans should be punished by enslavement for a hundred years, and by the transformation of their country on this side the Rhine into a kind of German Congo State. He did not think at that time that these voices represented the mind of France. . . .

How, then, are these demands to be understood? They, evidently, are not meant to be fulfilled. Is their only aim to deliver Germany, finally and altogether, into the hand of France? Is the prisoner first to be disarmed, then bound, then executed? Everyone knows the French programme — the annexation of the Rhineland, the occupation of the Ruhr valley, the breaking up of German unity. Is what we have seen until now only the prologue, and is the real tragedy now to begin? No one in Germany knows. But what we do know is that if things go on like this, a man who still talks of the 'League of Nations' or of Cobden's 'goodwill among the nations,' in Germany, will run the risk of being put into a lunatic asylum.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

THREE OPINIONS

At the request of Sir Philip Gibbs, now editor of the English *Review of Reviews*, Mr. Joseph Conrad, Mr. John Galsworthy, and Sir Arthur Pinero each contributed a paragraph on the matter of 'Ideals for 1921.' Mr. Conrad's views are of particular interest. The little essays follow:

I. *The Wisdom of the Race*

By Joseph Conrad

I put my trust in the political genius of the people — in that capacity for dealing with the problems of collective life in a kindly, able, commonsense manner, for which this nation is prominent among all the nations of the earth. In the last few years I was tried (as much as the rest of us) by the stress of many and varied emotions — but dismay was never one of them.

I have never tried to systematize my impressions of the state of public affairs, and the notions (I can hardly call them ideas) which have occurred to me. I believe that the imponderable elements of the situation will determine the solution of the problem of the future: the latent sagacity of the race rather than the ideas of individuals; the deepest, almost unconscious, movements of the national soul rather than brilliant theories, unanswerable arguments, or wild enthusiasms. Qualified individuals (of whom I am *not* one) ought to, and, indeed, must speak with some effect.

Any given crowd may be stupid and even wicked. Yet I, who am no political democrat, have a deep-seated conviction that in simple morality, self control, and courage, the people in the mass is always better than its leaders.

II. *A Defense of Idealism*

By John Galsworthy

If I had to sum up the aspirations that might help our distressful land of England in these days, I should hardly use a despised word and say that we could not do better than to try to act like gentlemen. It would be a pleasant change.

In regard to idealism generally, I think we are all suffering from the natural dejection which follows the discovery that all the 'hot air' poured forth by public men of all sorts, during the war, *was* 'hot air.'

If a nation talks through its hat to keep up its spirits and attain its material ends, it will — as soon as it ceases talking — feel the cold air which blows in, through the hole, on to its bald spot. We are not and never have been so noble as all that; and idealists are not without blame, in that they do so constantly forget to remember realities. Though, like most people with any comedic sense, I am more a realist than an idealist, I share in this blame, I shall try and mend my ways.

III. *The Honesty of Ministers*

By Sir Arthur Pinero

The nation's great want at the present moment is, in my opinion, a renewal of confidence in the honesty and

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true patriotism of our ministers of state. I do not say that its suspicions and misgivings are justified, but I do say that they exist; and while they exist, life, to the multitude who need an example of probity and high principle, is a mere selfish and reckless adventure.

Mr. Norrey's O'Conor

READERS of the *Landmark*, the journal of the English-speaking union, will be glad to hear that Mr. Norrey's O'Conor is preparing a number of literary and critical studies for the magazine. It is Mr. O'Conor's intention to devote the papers to interpretations of the modern American poets. The editors of the *Landmark* are to be congratulated on their choice, for Mr. O'Conor has no equal, among American critics of the day, for critical acumen, distinction of style, and rare poetic insight.

Schnitzler Egged in Vienna

A DISPATCH from Vienna, dated February 17, tells of wild scenes witnessed in the Viennese theatre on the preceding night. The dispatch reads:

A demonstration was made against the production of Schnitzler's 'Reigen,' which was deemed to be too erotic; and demonstrators, audience, theatre staff, and police all indulged in a wild melée, in the course of which many people were injured. Stink-bombs, and eggs filled with tar were thrown, and seats were overturned.

The question of prohibiting this play has already been the cause of a first-class parliamentary row here, and each performance, since then, has been given to packed houses.

Last night, however, the storm broke loose. The play consists of a series of ten dialogues, and in the course of the fifth, an outcry was raised, and some stink-bombs thrown. At the same time, a noise was heard outside, which later resolved itself into the arrival of reinforcements for the demonstrators in the theatre, the whole break-up being carefully organized.

A police cordon at the entrance was broken through, and the theatre was soon one mass of struggling humanity, the demonstrators attempting to thrash members of the audience with sticks, but everyone getting mixed up, saints and sinners alike, and women, especially, coming badly out of the experience.

When the pandemonium was at its height, someone turned a hose upon the seething, tarry, egg-spattered crowd.

The police and theatre staffs, however, now began to gain upper hand, and, eventually, the theatre was cleared.

On the grounds of public safety, the play has to-day been forbidden by the police.

Tricolor Ball in Paris

THE recent tricolor ball at the Opera House was an immense success. The principal attraction was a defile of young officers from St. Cyr School, who composed a costume procession of French soldiers down the ages, from Du Guesclin to the men of Verdun. At this moment, there were over three thousand spectators. Every lodge and seat in the house to the topmost gallery was filled.

The spectacle was essentially military, and the arrival of Marshal Foch, and Generals Mangin and Pétain was enthusiastically acclaimed. At the end of the defile, a *corps de ballet*, in Alsatian dress, figured the welcome of the French into Strasburg.

At midnight, dancing began, and fully eight thousand tried to find room on the floor. 'The greatest crush in Parisian history' is the description of old hands. The receipts, which go in part to disabled soldiers, reached the record sum of half a million francs.

Discoveries in Rheims's Ruined Cathedral

THE ruin of Rheims Cathedral has brought to light the buried remains of its predecessors.

Under the pavement of the choir, which was broken into fragments by German shells, workmen found the old foundations which had once supported the noble cathedral of Saint Hincmar, burned down, in the ninth century.

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Delving lower still, they came upon traces of the first church to stand on this hallowed ground, that of Saint Remi, missionary bishop of the early church, who baptized Clovis, the first Christian king of France, early in the fifth century.

Under the broken high altar, they found two hundred and fifty ancient pieces of silver and — what is even more precious — a long-sealed well, with water still at the bottom. From this well turns a conduit in worn lead piping, from the direction of which it is now possible to place with certainty the long-vanished baptismal font where Clovis was received into the church.

'Miss Nell o' New Orleans' on the Thames

[From the London *Times*]

THIS is a play of atmosphere, and the players know it and see that you don't forget it. They are liquidly and mellifluously Creole. Their Creole idioms seem to melt in the mouth. The dishes on the table, they tell you, are carefully prepared *à la Créole*. They have colored people to wait on them and colored people to sing to them 'off.' The scene is laid in an old garden 'on' St. Charles Street in New Orleans. You hear of 'bayous.'

So you are fully persuaded to be in Louisiana, where, it appears, anything may happen. For instance Aunt (pronounced ant) Nelly may come back from Paris with a fine stock of swear words to show that she is skittish, and a stick to indicate that she is not so young as when Georges Durand broke off his engagement (in 1886), and she may tease the life out of that unhappy Georges Durand by suddenly putting on her old 1886 frock and looking maddeningly bewitching in it. Indeed, she overcomes more than her enemies.

She fascinates Durand *fils* as well as Durand *père*, and drives off at midnight with the youngster, giving out that she is going to marry him, although but a minute ago he was engaged to her niece Delphine. But she returns, cramped and weary, from that trip, next morning, (after driving into innumerable bayous) to bring the young couple together again and to bestow her own hand upon the sulky Georges Durand.

There are many more details in this odd story, but we need not trouble about them, because in Louisiana, anything may happen; and our main interest is in the atmosphere, and the liquid, lisping Creole idiom.

At least, that would be our main interest if it were not that Aunt Nelly is played by Miss Irene Vanbrugh, and played with an attraction that far surpasses that of any atmosphere or idiom whatever. Her vivacity, her sparkle, her roguery, her spirit of fun are quite irresistible. Whether she is hobbling with her stick as the mature aunt (and dropping inadvertent 'damns' into her reticule) or reverting to the skittish matron of 1886, or returning from her innocent escapade with aching feet, and sides pinched by her corset, or saying, as the *mot de la fin* (when Georges Durand has asked if she came back from Paris to marry him), 'I'm damned if I know,' she is the incomparable artist that we know. The house, delighted at the outset to see her back on her old stage, was more delighted to find that she had come back with all her old art and her old charm. Mr. Hallard and Mr. Faber contribute conscientiously to the Creole atmosphere. Miss Helen Spence and Mr. Jack Hobbs are pleasant enough as the young couple. But the audience last night clamored for their enchantress, Miss Irene, and would not go away until she had made a little speech of thanks.

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The Cast

Delphine Falaise.....Helen Spencer
Mélanie Cardanne....Ethel Wellesley
Zephyrine.....Barbara Gott
Angélique.....Marmeena Kam
Georges Durand.....C. M. Hallard
Félix Durand.....Jack Hobbs
Unc' Boz.....Bessima Kofie
Père Clément.....Leslie Faber
Nelly Daventry.....Irene Vanbrugh

King Henry IV (Part II) as Produced at the Court

Most of what may be called the Holinshed element of the play has been discarded in the present revival, and wisely. We are quite willing to take the incidents of the rebellion. What Shakespeare saw and imagined for himself in life counts for so much more than what he read in the Chronicles.

For he saw Falstaff, or, we suppose, saw the rudiments of him, and imagined the rest. And what he imagined of him is so overpowering a thing that Falstaff has become by this time a sort of legend; it seems as though no human actor could play him. Yet Mr. Alfred Clark played him last night, quite simply and unpretentiously — not as a kind of Rabelaisian Gulliver among the Liliputians — and did it very well. Perhaps it was because Falstaff was reduced to more ordinary proportions (we are not alluding to his bodily girth) that we did not, after all, much resent the young King's behavior to his old boon-companion. Certainly, Falstaff is an immoral being, not amenable to the ethical judgment; but we have promoted him to that unusual privilege, out of the exceeding love we bear him. Shakespeare, having invented him, could afford to take him more coolly. Anyhow, while, reading him, with our imagination excited to intoxication, we cannot abide his 'punishment,' we found we almost could, last night.

But there is something in this second part of *King Henry IV* that strikes us as almost bigger than Falstaff, and that is the profound truth and sheer human nature of the Shallow and Silence scenes. The opening talk between the two, alternating questions about the price of ewes with recurring thoughts on death ('And is old Double dead?'), is surely the most thrilling. It is the quintessentially Shakespearian thing, in all the plays. You know, instinctively, that this is a bit of the real Gloucestershire of three centuries ago; real, that is, as seen with Shakespeare's eye and illuminated by his genius. Shallow and Silence are played by Mr. H. O. Nicholson and Mr. Moffat Johnston, and both are admirable.

There can be no doubt, either, about the truth of the tavern scenes, but here Shakespeare leaves fact as ignoble as he found it, and it is a little too crapulous for modern tastes. Miss Margaret Yarde and Miss Leah Bateman are not, on that account, to be blamed, but praised rather, for their uncompromising pictures of Mistress Quickly and Doll Tearsheet; that is what they were there for. But Mr. Benson Kleve was rather too noisy a Pistol, even for this tavern brawling; he should remember that the Court is a small theatre, and that we are not as deaf as Falstaff pretended, to the Lord Chief Justice, that he was. The part of the Lord Chief Justice owed much to the elocution of Mr. Eugene Leahy.

The good elocution and good acting of Mr. Frank Cellier (King) and Mr. Basil Rathbone (Prince Henry) in the King's death-bed scene drew from the audience the loudest cheers of the evening. It was, indeed, a beautiful thing beautifully done. Altogether, this revival — with scenery simple but sufficient, and blank verse sonorously spoken as verse — is a Shakespearian production of the richest interest.

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[*The London Daily Telegraph*]

THE LIFE DRAMA OF THE PARNELLS

BY T. P. O'CONNOR

I

By the death of Mrs. Parnell, there disappears the last figure in one of the most poignant dramas of the nineteenth century. Mrs. Parnell will scarcely be recognized by that name; she will be more familiar to this generation and to the preceding by the name of Mrs. O'Shea — the name which epitomises the tragedy in which she figured. Few women could have started life with less prospect of ending it as she did. Miss Kathleen Wood came from one of those prosperous, sober, middle-class families which are usually distinguished by decorum and good sense. Her uncle was Lord Hatherley — a great lawyer, who, for a while, was Lord Chancellor; she was descended from the Alderman Wood whose wealth, staunch radicalism, and tenacious temperament were of such immense service to Queen Caroline when she was fighting her great battle with her husband, George IV. Other relatives have held high distinction.

She was a beautiful girl, with the dazzling complexion, the blue eyes, and the abundant fair hair of the typical English maiden. She came, too, of a big family, in which all the women were beautiful, in which, also, some of them were a little eccentric. The girlhood of Kathleen Wood is known, perhaps, to very few. The accounts given of it represent her as a girl of more than usual vivacity of spirit and of temper; a bit of a tomboy; and as strong willed, impetuous, and eminently seductive.

Such she was, when she met a young man who had also great personal charm. He was very good looking; he was very witty; and he was, then, a cavalry officer. His name was William Henry O'Shea. He came of a class well known in Ireland — the comfortable professional class, standing between the general poverty-stricken masses on the one side, and the territorial and unpopular aristocracy on the other. His father was a prosperous solicitor in the City of Limerick, and had amassed some wealth, and bought enough land to be entitled to consider himself a member of the squirarchy. Relatives had migrated to Spain; one of them was in the banking business there; another migrated from Spain to Biarritz, became a French subject, was a scholar, an archæologist, and a philanthropist, and died in Biarritz, universally respected by his adopted fellow-citizens. Captain O'Shea and Miss Wood were married, and several children were born to them.

Captain O'Shea seems to have led the usual life of the cavalry officer He ran horses, and had the usual ups and downs of fortune. He used to relate in the House of Commons how, on one occasion, his duty was to see that no riot took place in Manchester in consequence of the visit to the city of a then formidable and perilous agitator, known as John Bright.

In an evil hour for himself, for his wife, and for Charles Stewart Parnell, Captain O'Shea resolved to enter political life in his own country. He stood

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for county Clare, along with the O'Gorman Mahon, a strange and almost belated survival of the days of Daniel O'Connell and of the eighteenth and early nineteenth century Ireland, when politicians still had to master the use of the pistol at twenty paces, as a part of their personal and political equipment. Captain O'Shea was returned; and soon after, there began that curious intimacy with Parnell which was to influence, in a sinister way, so many personal and political fortunes. The first public act that brought the two men together was a meeting in the city hall of Dublin. There, the members of the new party which had been elected in the General Election of 1880 met for the purpose of electing their leader. The leadership had been held for some short time by Mr. William Shaw, who represented the more moderate section of the young party, and to his side rallied at this meeting, all the more moderate men of the party. On the other hand, the young, enthusiastic, and more extreme members were determined to make Parnell leader if they could.

Captain O'Shea was unknown to the men who were his colleagues and whose destinies he was so profoundly to change. He stood out in relief, indeed, from them, in both dress, manner, and appearance. In the spick and span clothes — if anything a little overdressed — with a certain air at once of distinction and of having 'lived,'—the cavalry officer in retreat,—he was a strange contrast to those carelessly-dressed men around him from the farm, the small shop, and the newspaper office. He was just the 'bon bourgeois' who might be expected to vote against the young revolutionaries, and to stand by so eminent and typical a representative of his class as 'Sober, sensible Shaw,' as Mr. Shaw used to be known.

When the roll call came to be made, there was a deep and thrilled silence, for the voting, it was known, would be close; and everybody realized the vast and historic meaning which his vote might involve. When the name of Captain O'Shea was called, it was observed that he grew very pale; and then, in a low, faint voice, and to everybody's surprise, he said 'Parnell,' and thus helped to place in the leadership the very man whose downfall and death he was afterwards to be the main instrument in compassing.

Up to this time, however, Mrs. O'Shea had not appeared on the horizon. Parnell was still at the epoch in his life when political fanaticism alone seemed to possess him. He had had his little tragedy, already; engaged, after a long and obstinate wooing, to a beautiful young American, and loving her with the steadfastness and intensity of his nature, at once violent and tenacious, he had been 'jilted'; and perhaps it was the unhealed wound from that blow which threw him into political strife—it is an anodyne that unhappy men often seek.

But, of that side of his life, nobody knew or even suspected anything. Before not only the public, but usually before his colleagues, he preserved the circumspect and rigid attitude of his public appearances; there were whispers of some transient and light liaisons such as so many young men enter into before they settle down; but even in that respect, the fierce work Parnell gave to politics, the long hours of all-night sittings, the rush to and fro over the earth in search of support for his young movement, through America, through England, and at many public gatherings in Ireland, left the man little time or inclination for the dalliances of life.

It was, perhaps, a certain want of experience, and a certain unnatural

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damming up of his emotions, which were partly accountable for the tragic drama on which Parnell, all unknowing, was soon after to enter. In addition, to understand the psychology of this historic passion, it should be realized that Parnell, in those days and nights when he was attracting to himself the attention of the whole world as the most daring, audacious, and resourceful rebel against the British Parliament who had yet appeared, was leading a personal life of seclusion, and even of exclusion. The avowed enemy of the whole landed system under which the class to which he belonged lived, he was entirely outside his own former friends and associates; there was not one of them whose door he would be allowed to darken. His colleagues, poor men for the most part, with all their ties of family, their business and their social intimacies in Ireland, were as lonely and as homeless as Parnell himself.

And thus it was that Parnell lived either in somewhat small rooms in Keppel Street, Bloosbury, or in that favorite parliamentary caravanserai, the Westminster Palace Hotel. Except for his breakfast and his bed, these places knew him but little; his meals and his life belonged to the House of Commons, except on the evenings when he was free, and then he met his friends in a restaurant of moderate prices.

He had, however, some consolation for those privations of London life, when he got back to his home in Avondale, County Wicklow. Situated in one of the most beautiful spots in one of Ireland's most beautiful counties, close to the Vale of Avoca, the meeting of whose waters Moore's poetry has made immortal, surrounded by a tenantry and servants who adored him, and interested in many of the little things of rural life, Parnell always found recuperation amid these native surroundings. There, he relapsed into the quiet country gentleman of moderate means and simple tastes. There, he was seen by the present writer in the recess of 1880, the last time that the old Parnell seemed to live in his memory. He was dressed in a short, heavy coat; he carried a heavy stick; he had all the robustness that fresh air and exercise for some weeks give to a man; and when complimented on his appearance, said, half joke, whole earnest, that he was now ready for five years' penal servitude at the hands of 'Buckshot Forster,' as the chief secretary of the time had come to be nicknamed. And as coercion, with the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, and all the other weapons which the suspension of the Constitution put in the hands of the chief secretary, was about to be enacted, the prospect of even penal servitude was not very remote. Parnell looked as if he were ready to dare it and endure it.

At that time, Parnell looked the fanatic he was. Very tall, very thin, very alert, the expression of the face cold, hard, and resolute, he seemed the last man in the world to be ever touched by the devastating ardor of passion And such, probably, he was on the day when first he met the woman who was destined to produce such a transformation in him.

This fateful first meeting took place in Thomas's Hotel in Berkeley Square — extant up to some years ago, but now removed, and replaced by a block of palatial flats. The lunch was given by Captain O'Shea; and Justin McCarthy, the well-known litterateur and Irish politician, was among the guests. Mr. McCarthy used to tell, in after years, how they all had to wait for Parnell. Parnell rarely answered a letter; never accepted; — indeed, he neither accepted nor re-

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fused an invitation, usually ignoring them;—and never was in time. Even when he had to make a great speech in the House of Commons, on which his whole movement seemed to depend, he never entered the Chamber till the last moment, and then he usually appeared with a bundle of hastily-written notes, some of whose disconnected pages he dropped as he hurried along to his place. The interval was occupied by Mrs. O'Shea in jokes at the expense of the belated guest. Mrs. O'Shea had a witty and, rather biting tongue, and she was rather inclined to cynicism; and her shafts were directed against the 'Uncrowned King,' as Parnell had just been called by an enthusiastic admirer.

How soon intimacy developed into love, and how soon the two began to live together, it is impossible to tell, but it cannot have been long after this first meeting. It is certain that the year 1881 marks the end of the consistent fanatical Parnell, ready to rush across the Atlantic, or from one end of the United Kingdom to the other to attend a meeting or ask a subscription for the cause.

The session of 1881 was more important for Ireland than any that had come since Parnell had entered Parliament some three years before. It was at once the session in which the Habeas Corpus was suspended and in which Mr. Gladstone was proposing the revolutionary land bill by which, for the first time, began the transfer of the land from the old aristocracy to the tenantry of Ireland. Parnell took his fair share of the fighting, but he began, now and then, to be absent, and, sometimes, even for a considerable period; and this was especially noteworthy in the case of a man who, but a short time before, had seemed to live his every free hour in the precincts of the House of Commons.

There also began a subtle, and perhaps not even much observed change, in the appearance, in the habits, and in the carriage of the man. Even a man so self-controlled as Parnell could not be possessed by a passion, at once absorbing and perilous, without giving some of the usual outward signs of such an emotion; a certain distraction and languor of air, a steadily diminishing absorption of political purpose, and less activity of mind, less readiness of resolve. There came, too, into the brisk and firm step of the young athlete of 1880, a certain slowness and even exertion. Now and then, he would turn up and take his share in the hard work that was going on.

He was present at most of the famous forty-one hours' sitting, which was one of the most exciting of the many exciting scenes through which the Coercion Bill had to pass before it was finally agreed to; and he and his colleagues left the House crying 'Privilege, privilege!' after their speeches had been brought to an end by Mr. Speaker Brand's famous coup d'état. He was in the Conference Room, as it was called, a few minutes afterwards, having come over from the Westminster Palace Hotel, where he had snatched a few hours of sleep, and there was one of his rare and beaming smiles as his excited colleagues, worn out by want of sleep and the great emotions of the night, received him with a wild and slightly hysterical and certainly defiant cheer.

But when the Land Bill came to be under discussion, there began to be that slacker attendance and those mysterious disappearances which were afterwards to be the despair of his followers. And these disappearances were always liable to be abruptly broken by a sudden entrance on the scene, with a complete upsetting of all the arrangements and resolves that had been made

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in his absence. One such occasion occurred when the night came on which the Irish Party was to make the fateful resolve as to what attitude they were to take on the second reading of the Land Bill of 1881. The majority was inclined to vote for the bill, because of its many valuable provisions, but Parnell came down with the proposal that his followers should abstain. This idea, suddenly sprung on the party, created a great deal of embarrassment, surprise, and dissatisfaction. Mr. Sexton summed up the feeling of even the most ardent of the Parnellites in a whisper to one of his friends who consulted him. 'Parnell has acted badly, but we must support him.' In spite, however, of the iron discipline which then began to prevail in the party, there were some who voted for the second reading, but the vote in favor of abstention which Parnell imposed was carried by a majority.

The recess of 1881 came, and with it Parnell was obliged once more to make a number of public appearances. Some of his speeches were very fine, breathing at once a spirit of defiance, of a forecast of further troubles for Ireland, and of calm confidence as to the final outcome of these attacks on his cause and his party. If he had a guilty secret within his bosom already, Parnell managed to conceal it; and it was with a serene and defiant front that he received, in Morrison's Hotel, Dublin, the police officers sent to arrest him on the warrant which Mr. Forster had issued against him.

But he was not long in Kilmainham Prison when there began to be unmistakable signs that Parnell was in communication with the family of the O'Sheas. The part that Captain O'Shea played was mysterious then; it is mysterious now, but certainly the outward appearance was that O'Shea was extremely anxious for the safety and the release, as soon as possible, of an intimate friend in the person of Parnell, and was equally anxious that the government of Mr. Gladstone and the Irish leaders should be brought into friendlier relations. He passed in and out of the prison whenever, apparently, he pleased, and one fine morning the world was startled by the information that Parnell had asked, and obtained, his release on parole.

The sensation which this temporary release excited, one must have lived in the times and with the passions to which it belonged to understand. The ostensible reason for asking release on parole was that the Irish chieftain wished to attend the funeral of a nephew who had died in Paris. But this reason, there is now good reason to believe, was not the only one, or even the real one, which induced Parnell to look for temporary freedom. It was said at the time, apparently by those who knew, that Parnell did not attend the funeral of his nephew. But he did find his way to Eltham, where Mrs. O'Shea, as she then still was, lived — and it was whispered, years afterwards, that Parnell came to attend another funeral, the funeral of a child of his by Mrs. O'Shea. Parnell, with all his frigidity to the outside world — one of his intimate colleagues said of him once that he would see every single one, or, indeed, all his political associates fall over a precipice, and not take the trouble even to look down at 'the pulp'— with all this frigidity, Parnell was extremely fond of children, and had all the most orthodox and old-fashioned views with regard to the desirability of large families.

This iconoclast of all the old feudal system in Ireland was, in many respects, strangely conservative. After some flirtations with freethought, he became later on a firm believer in the Episcopal Church, in which he had

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been brought up; and with the methods for the limitation of population practised in France and in some parts of the United States, he had the views expressed, so many years afterwards, by President Roosevelt — to him it meant race suicide. It can, therefore, be understood how the existence of children he believed to be his own tightened the bonds which bound him up to the woman with whom his fate had become involved.

Soon after this, Parnell was definitely released. Again, there was a tremendous outburst of public excitement. To this excitement, Mr. Forster, who had been chief secretary, greatly added. He was so hostile to all reconciliation or dealings with Parnell that he resigned the chief secretaryship rather than assent to the new departure. This was interpreted by the enemies of the Gladstone ministry as a base betrayal of Forster, after all his exertions to put down disorder; and, in addition, there were such mysterious conditions surrounding the release of Parnell that all kinds of suspicions were abroad. The Fates seemed to fight against Parnell and his liberators, for, scarcely had he passed through the gloomy portals of Kilmainham than there came the terrible crime, the assassination in the Phœnix Park of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke.

II

THE assassination in Phœnix Park of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke at once turned popular feeling to the side of the Minister who had fallen in the fight with the forces of disorder and rebellion in Ireland. It was forgotten, at the moment, to inquire whether his policy had, or had not, led to the creation of the secret societies, whose work the assassination in Phœnix Park had been; and Mr. Forster, addressing the House of Commons on the motion dealing with the release of Parnell, was loudly cheered by all the opposition, and some, even on his own side, sympathized with him. Some of the circumstances attending the release of Parnell were disclosed. They were sufficient to indicate that there had been an understanding between Parnell and the government, and, thus, his release came to be known as the Kilmainham Treaty. The spectacle of Mr. Gladstone, who had so violently denounced Parnell a short time before as the chief cause of disorder in Ireland, entering into negotiations with him for the preservation of order seemed incongruous, and subjected Mr. Gladstone to very violent attack.

It was in one of the passionate scenes which ensued on the Phœnix Park assassinations and the release of Parnell, that Captain O'Shea became the central figure in a very curious and dramatic scene. It was by this time well known that O'Shea had been the chief agent in carrying on the negotiations between Parnell and the government, and he was challenged by Forster to read the correspondence which had passed between him and Gladstone and Parnell. O'Shea read out a letter of Parnell's to him. The letter was listened to in breathless silence; everyone expected that it would contain some revelation of the many mysteries which surrounded the transaction; it was a relief to the friends of Parnell that the letter seemed to reveal nothing beyond what was admitted already, and already known. Forster, who was an extremely adroit Parliamentarian — wily, complex, vigilant, underneath an exterior of almost exaggerated ruggedness — a witty journalist who hated him used to speak of him as the best 'stage Yorkshireman' living — Forster, who had followed the reading of the letter by O'Shea with a copy in his hand, got up, when O'Shea

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had finished, and said, as if coldly and casually, that there was a sentence in his copy which O'Shea had omitted to read. Very white and nervous, but with the extraordinary self-command which he could show on many occasions, O'Shea got up and admitted that he had omitted a sentence, and then he read the sentence. It was an offer on the part of Parnell, in return for some legislation which he demanded from the government, to give his support to the Liberal government. The revelation came like a thunder-clap; it seemed, according to the enemies of the government, to confirm all that had been said with regard to there being a Kilmainham treaty; and for a time the tide went strongly against Parnell and against Gladstone.

Forster, after long delays, was, apparently, to have all his fierce desire for vengeance on Parnell and the government which he held had betrayed him, more than gratified. The assassins of the Phœnix Park were ultimately tracked down; the chief among them—James Carey — turned informer, and revealed to a shocked and benumbed world the inner story of the dreadful conspiracy, with, among other details, accounts of several almost successful attempts to assassinate Forster. Parnell, for the moment, had reached the nadir of his fortunes. And he had shown, when challenged by Forster in a terrible indictment, an amount of hesitancy, and even weakness, that surprised and bewildered his friends, who had seen him in terrible positions before, and knew his cheek had not blanched.

The explanation was not even guessed at then; it was, probably, that he was already feeling the heavy burden of carrying within his bosom a secret — the revelation of which he knew must be the downfall of his power, and perhaps of his movement.

Parnell was one of the men who consumed their own smoke. He never had a moment of expansion, like other men; he never trusted anyone; he never unburdened himself to anybody. Like the Spartan boy, he preferred that the fox should eat out his entrails, than that he should cry out in pain. From this epoch forward, there was a new Parnell. He suddenly seemed to become an old man; the thin frame became at first rather stout and flabby; from a fairly careful man in dress and appearance, he became astonishingly slovenly; wore the same suit for years; allowed his hair to grow down almost to his shoulders and his beard to become long and unkempt; and he began to wear a heavy woolen waistcoat, which seemed to indicate a middle-aged valetudinarian, and not the robust, alert, defiant young man he had been but a twelvemonth or so before.

It was then that there began to be that atmosphere of secrecy and concealment about all his movements which was the torture of his associates on many critical occasions. For a time, he seemed even to have lost all interest in the mighty movement of which he was the creator and the centre; he was absent from his place in Parliament sometimes for weeks together, and during that time, there was neither letter, nor telegram, nor message, nor explanation. Often, when his presence was vital, his comrades were left uncertain up to the last moment whether he would make any appearance, and once, his absence, during a great coercion debate, was so noticeable that Sir Willaim Harcourt made a humorous allusion to it, which induced the O'Gorman Mahon to advise Parnell seriously that there must be a duel between the two to wipe out the insult, a suggestion which Parnell smilingly waved away.

By this time, the association with Mrs. O'Shea had become well known.

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Parnell did everything to conceal it; he changed his cab more than once after he left the House of Commons, and was on his way to Eltham; assumed false names; sometimes walked through the streets with a long coat up to his ears; and seemed, whenever he appeared with Mrs. O'Shea in anything like a public place, to watch around with furtive look, as though he had committed crime and were flying from justice. The fox was eating at his entrails, and day by day, year by year, he became more of an invalid until, in one of the most serious crises of his movement — when some of his lieutenants had committed the party to the desperate and violent movement known as the Plan of Campaign — he was not heard from for months. Then, one morning, it was announced that he had been seriously ill. The announcement was disbelieved, and regarded as a part of the life of mystification in which he lived; but when his comrades at last saw him, the hollow cheeks, thinned neck, a pallid face, and a skeleton-like frame too plainly proved that his statement was correct.

Meantime, the relations between him and the husband of the woman with whom he was living had remained friendly, according to all appearances. Parnell occupied a room at Eltham, where Mrs. O'Shea lived; his horse was in the stable. O'Shea often visited the pair in this suburban home, and, indeed, O'Shea seemed to seek the companionship of Parnell in the House of Commons and elsewhere. The friendship of Parnell was put to a severe test when the election of 1885 came. The members of his party by this time had become so strong that they could well hope to drive out of the representation of all the constituencies which were Nationalist, every member who was not a sworn adherent of their own party and their own policy. Of the section of Nationalists — christened, and indeed executed, by Mr. Gladstone, unconsciously, by the epithet 'nominal Home Rulers'— not one was to be allowed to come back to Parliament. O'Shea was not only a 'nominal Home Ruler,' but the one whom the Parnellites hated the most, partly because he was regarded as the evil genius of Parnell, and as the author of Parnell's mistakes.

O'Shea accompanied Parnell over to Ireland when he started to take part in the electoral campaign, and, it is certain, pressed his claim to several seats, especially to one in Ulster, where Liberals were still accepted in a few constituencies. Parnell was certainly willing to do as O'Shea requested, but his every move was watched vigilantly by some bitter enemies in his party, and the descent contemplated on one or two seats was foreseen and prevented.

At last, an escape seemed possible out of the dilemma. The Exchange Division of Liverpool contains a large body of Irish voters, and, now and again, returns a Liberal. Parnell, suddenly and unexpectedly, deserted the battle field in Ireland, and turned up in Liverpool, and O'Shea was put forward under his auspices and under those of the Liberal Party for the Exchange Division. An English Liberal who had been put in the field was induced to retire, and O'Shea stood against a Conservative. Parnell worked for the return of O'Shea with a feverish energy that was painful to behold. He addressed meetings in the open air all through the polling day and if he heard of a recalcitrant voter who might be won over, rushed off on a car to his house or lodging. He was, indeed, like one possessed. But O'Shea was defeated. Even yet, Parnell had not exhausted his attempts to force into the House of Commons the man who had his life and honor at his mercy. Mr. T. P. O'Connor had been returned

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for two constituencies, for the Scotland Division of Liverpool and for Galway. He chose Liverpool, and Parnell shocked his party by putting O'Shea forward for the vacancy in Galway.

There was an outburst of revolt; all-night conferences were held by Parnell's colleagues in Ireland; Mr. Biggar and Mr. O'Connor went over from London to Dublin to enter into these consultations, and Biggar went on to Galway, accompanied by Mr. Healy. The town, itself, was in a state of almost insane excitement. A local Nationalist named Lynch was put up to oppose O'Shea. Meantime, the colleagues of Parnell, who thought that his name and leadership were still necessary to the movement, tried to get into communication with him; for days, their frantic telegrams remained without any reply. At last, they published a manifesto of confidence. Parnell at once replied. On the evening of the day when he received this vote of confidence, he started from London, and, tired, travel-stained, and, doubtless, desperately worried, he nevertheless continued the journey without stopping in Dublin, and went to Galway.

It looked, when he arrived there, as if his life was in danger. There was a yelling crowd ready to receive him; curses and shouts of execration rent the air; Parnell could scarcely make his way through the infuriated crowd densely packed on the platform; and in the middle of all the tumult O'Shea, pale as his white collar, was seen trying to force his way to Parnell's protecting shelter. The railway station in old Galway was on the platform, and to this near haven Parnell finally succeeded in getting; and then came the interview with Biggar and Healy, who had been lashing the constituency to even fiercer indignation, and who still had the power, if they persevered, probably to beat Parnell and O'Shea.

But Parnell's wondrous power over men, perhaps also a sense of the tremendous consequences that must follow from the defeat of his leadership, perhaps the excitement of the fierce fight, had borne down Healy, and he surrendered. Biggar was made of sterner stuff, and would have gone on if Healy had remained firm; but without Healy he could do nothing, and they resolved to abandon the fight.

This was Parnell's first victory, but he had to face a much more formidable foe. A public meeting had been called for the afternoon, and thither Parnell, accompanied by his colleagues — several of whom had come to Galway — went. It was a shouting, hostile, infuriated crowd Parnell had to face. Address after address was delivered to them by the other members of Parliament; they remained unmoved until Mr. William O'Brien — who was always omnipotent with an Irish crowd — made an impassioned speech, and turned the tide. Parnell's own speech was perhaps the greatest he ever delivered.

With his awful secret in his breast, forcing on a constituency the husband of the woman with whom he was living; with all the world which he had created falling around him; with shouts of execration coming from lips which a few days before were full of almost worshipping love;— he still was, outwardly at least, unbroken;—and he put the case for himself with a force and emphasis which were thrilling, and which ultimately impressed, awed, and subdued the crowd. The candidature of O'Shea was carried by this crowd, every one of whom thirsted for his blood; the contest was now over; most of the members who had come down left the town, and Parnell was left alone with one only of his comrades. O'Shea, he kept at arm's length; the two men

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occupied different hotels. Parnell spoke more freely and more confidently of the future than he had ever been known to do before, and everybody remarked for some time after this that he walked, looked, and spoke like a man who had got finally rid of some perilous stuff that had weighed upon his heart.

But as a matter of fact, the Galway election was not the end of the martyrdom of Parnell, but the beginning. The world pays little attention to the scandals of private life until its attention is forced to them by their appearance in print; and the excitement of the Galway election, with such gigantic consequences involved,—as everybody instinctively felt,—had forced the whole world to recognize what the relations must be between Parnell and the wife of the man he had thus forced upon an unwilling constituency. O'Shea, when he returned to the House, seemed to feel the unpleasant atmosphere of repulsion which the incidents of the election had created; he wandered about the House like a lost ghost, and when Mr. Chamberlain — whom he seemed to regard as his friend and patron — differed from Mr. Gladstone on the Home Rule measure, his difficulties were so increased that he abstained from giving any vote on the second reading of the measure. The Parliament, as everybody knows, was short-lived, lasting only six months. At the General Election of 1886 O'Shea did not offer himself for election, and disappeared from the House of Commons.

And then came a new epoch in the relations of the two men. Their outward friendship, apparently, came to an end, and from this time on they were avowed enemies. The hatred between the two became consuming. When the *Times* published the Pigott forgery, and the letter was brought before the judges who formed the Parnell Commission, O'Shea was put into the box by the *Times* to prove the authenticity of the signature.

The struggle between the two men, which had been fought out privately and secretly all these years, had at last come to the daylight, and neither made any attempt to conceal the quarrel, though O'Shea still preserved that air of blasé coolness which was characteristic of him under most circumstances. He — after adroitly deprecating any claim to be a handwriting expert — expressed the decided opinion that the signature to the forged letter was genuine; and as no one could dispute O'Shea's intimacy with Parnell, this was undoubtedly an important piece of evidence in favor of the genuineness of the letter.

Parnell, seated beside O'Shea, had listened to this evidence, and when the time for cross-examination came, his voice — which, when he was enraged, became deep, raucous, and ferocious — could be heard all over the court, suggesting the questions to Sir Charles Russell, his counsel. These questions Russell put with palpable unwillingness, and very rightly, for they were all founded on an entire mistake on the part of Parnell. He held obstinately to the opinion that it was O'Shea who had inspired and directed the hand that forged, if he had not forged the letter himself. And in pursuance of this story of the origin of the forged letter, the mighty leader, who held in his hands the fate of so many people, might have been seen haunting low public houses, with his coat up to his ears, and listening to the chance bits of conversation that might escape from tap rooms in the hope of bringing conviction home to O'Shea as the forger who had tried to ruin him. The duel between the two men, with all their hate bridled by civilized life, seemed like some harking back to the primordial animal man that kills what it hates.

(To be concluded)

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[*The New Statesman*]

STOP THIEF!

It is one of the difficulties of going to war, that no kit-bag was ever made that was big enough to hold the Ten Commandments. In time of war — at least, in time of a war generally regarded as just — man is on the horns of a moral dilemma. He can neither help in the war, nor refrain from helping in it, without seeming to consent to evil.

War is a condition of things in which the end may be good, but few of the means are. To kill is not a good thing in itself; to deceive is not a good thing in itself. Yet these are two of the soldier's chief duties. In spite of this, elated clergymen persisted for a time in saying that the war was making everybody nobler. They were not content to justify war: they must also deify it. This was partly due to a natural reverence for the passion of self-sacrifice, examples of which ennoble even the meanest war.

War, however, is something more than an expression of the passion of self-sacrifice. If it makes extreme demands on human nature in one direction, it compensates for this by allowing human nature its head in others. Generally speaking, war is a declaration of a moratorium on morality. Human nature rallies such part of the best of itself as is necessary for one definite purpose, and lets the rest go hang. This means a vast unsettlement of conventional morality, so that, while some men become heroes, others become bigamists or drunkards. Morality after the war is like a town in which the streets and the drains have been neglected. Not only have the ordinary day-to-day repairs not been made, but there has been an immense amount of apparently reckless damage.

Most of us, before the war, had learned to be virtuous (more or less) as a result of long custom. War, however, is the enemy of custom, and, with custom gone, a great part of our virtue went, too. This may suggest that our virtue was a convenience of society and not original righteousness. And that this is true of nine tenths of virtue, who can doubt?

Virtue is largely a treaty with our fellows—a means of living in the same world with them on the best possible terms. It is an agreement not to kill one another, not to steal from each other, not to lie to or about each other. There is more in virtue than this, but the sublimer sort of virtue is not destructible even by war. The treaty sort of virtue is. It counts for no more than a scrap of paper with a statesman. That is why a war that makes some men nobler makes others more immoral. And the worst of it is, when the war is over, the gain in original virtue seems trifling compared to the loss in conventional virtue.

The moral chaos of the world to-day is as startling a phenomenon as the financial chaos. We may put the blame partly on statesmen, but only a world in moral chaos could tolerate such statesmen. They have not only murder by the hand: they have all the seven deadly sins by the hand. Some good angel from a better star ought surely to 'take over' our planet as a devastated area.

Of all the losses we have suffered through the war, none is more noticeable than the loss of honesty. We are less honest in word than we were ten years ago: we are less honest in deed The cause is obvious. Industrial life cannot easily be carried on without a strict code of honesty; war can. One of the greatest discoveries that England ever made in pursuit of industrial success is enshrined in the proverb, 'Honesty is the best policy.' Many

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people find fault with it as an ignoble sort of wisdom. But it seems to us that to quarrel with a statement of such profound common sense is the height of pretentiousness. Honesty may deserve more poetical praise, but there is no reason why it should be deprived of this humdrum praise. It is a fact, however highbrow moralists may dislike it, that neither business nor law can work smoothly without an accepted code of honesty. Honesty pays a business community. It is as necessary in a bank or a warehouse as in a church. Every business firm introduces check after check so as to make even a minor breach of it immediately discoverable.

Realizing the importance of honesty, England has even gone the length of paying some men to be honest. She does this especially in the law. She bribes judges with large salaries not to take bribes. We hear of judges in other climes accepting bribes, but for an English judge to do so would seem like the end of the world. It is not only that the English judge is above suspicion, but that he is above temptation. To be honest on £5,000 a year is to follow the line of least resistance. At the same time, it would be sheer cynicism to pretend that judges are honest only because they are well paid to be honest.

Honesty is the result of a traditional code of behavior to an even greater degree than of a high salary. It is difficult to compare the honesty of one nation with that of another: different nations are honest in different ways. But we fancy that the traditional code of behavior had led to a stricter sort of honesty in public administration in England and Germany than in most other countries before the war.

And this code was adhered to by civil servants who were badly paid as well as by judges who were highly paid. It extended in great measure right through the national life. One was more surprised if a parcel disappeared in the post or on the railway in England than if the loss had occurred in a foreign country. Even when auxiliary postmen who knew not the tradition were brought in to help with the Christmas parcels the number of things that disappeared was surprisingly few. There was a general custom of honesty, and though every now and then a weak man might be tempted to look through the letters in search of postal orders not addressed to him, it never entered the head of the average man even to consider doing such a thing.

Not that we took many chances with him. Human being does not trust human being, as the saying is, much further than you can throw an elephant by the tail.

We registered our letters; we crossed our cheques; our society was a huge detective ready to pounce on anyone tempted to inconvenience us by stealing. We knew that honesty was not any more natural to man than dishonesty, but that it required constant (if unconscious) effort on the part of all but the saints. We dared not allow each other to be dishonest, however, or civilization as we know it would have collapsed. The law-courts showed from day to day that isolated cases of dishonesty were common enough, but society used all its efforts to prevent it from breaking out into an epidemic.

And now, we are told, the epidemic has come. And it has come, we are told further, as a result of the war. Ex-soldiers declare that it is one of the natural conditions of army life. It is not that a soldier is different from a civilian: a soldier, nowadays, is only a civilian in a costume. He is a civilian, however, who has exchanged some of the duties of civil life for more dan-

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gerous duties, and, if he is a man easily influenced by environment, he may easily seem to regard his release from the duties of civil life as a charter of liberty.

'Any private soldier,' says a writer in the *Manchester Guardian* — and scores of soldiers have borne witness to the same thing — 'who watched his own psychology or that of his comrades — knows that active service was not a school of honesty. A largely hand-to-mouth life, very bare, dull, and unpleasant, and of the most uncertain duration, lived in places where the civil police are out of action and where plenty of property is derelict or unprotected, could not be that. In far the larger number of our men, the pre-war instinct or habit of honesty was strong enough to withstand the temptation; just as the characters of a majority were able to withstand the special war-time temptations to other forms of uncontrol. But many men with less margin of inhibitory power were pulled over the line. And, just as we have now an unprecedentedly grave danger to national health, arising from the lowered sexual morality of war-time, so we have this unprecedentedly wide post-war failure of the good English habit of not stealing.'

The truth is, perhaps, if men regard life lightly, it is too much to expect that they will regard property seriously. An officer who had risen from the ranks related the other day that, when he was a private, he heard a sergeant counseling his men, if they missed anything, not to worry about it, but to take something of the same kind from somebody else.

Such free-and-easy inroads on the rights of property need not shock us. There is more of Autolycus than of Bill Sikes about most war-time stealing. At the same time, it is a habit not suited to times of peace, and Autolycus may easily become a burden. Lord Inchcape announced the other day that the value of the goods that had disappeared from the London docks, through pilfering, in the last 12 months was £3,500,000. Mr. J. H. Thomas has admitted that the same kind of disappearances are taking place on the railways and has appealed to the men to set their faces against this degradation of national habits. A man who served on a jury the other day said that he was horrified to see so many instances of apparently respectable women accused of shop-lifting — which is evidence that the decline of honesty is not confined to a special class.

Many people refuse to face the facts owing to their dread of its being thought that they are bringing an indictment against soldiers as a class or against workers as a class. This is sheer humbug. Soldiers include every kind of human being, and any community of thousands of men is bound to contain hundreds whose habits are not those of the Sunday school. If we say that there is an epidemic of disease, we do not mean that everybody has caught it. We mean only that it has affected a considerable and unusual number. That is what has happened in regard to the epidemic of stealing. The world is still full of honest men, but it is fuller of dishonest men than it ought to be. This is partly due to the fact that the seven deadly sins have taken contol of things in general. The leaders of men have given no example of renunciation or even of commonplace justice. They have raised, instead, the banners of avarice, covetousness, anger, and falsehood. Honesty is 'on the run,' and truth has been unceremoniously tumbled back into her well.

Everywhere about us we see things being done that would have been hissed

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from the stage ten years ago by men of all parties. The statesman of to-day may not be aware of his kinship with the man who pilfers goods from the London docks, but spiritually, he is his brother. And we who keep the statesman in power are responsible for continuing the reign of dishonesty, whose A is a lie spoken on the Front Bench and whose Z is a parcel sneaked from a goods train. There you have one of the chief problems with which men are faced all over the earth to-day — to choose between a world of mutual trust and a world of mutual prey.

A world of mutual prey may afford opportunities for the adventurer, as life in the time of the robber barons did. But men discovered long ago that such a world made for the greatest misery of the greatest number and, rather than allow it to continue, they accepted even the drastic alternative of law and order.

To-day, the possessing classes are raising the cry of 'Stop, thief!' against the poorer traffickers in dishonesty. They must go further, however, and restore the image of honesty in high places. Low standards of honesty in public life inevitably lead to low standards of honesty in private life. Hence the problem of 'pilferage,' as it is called, is to some extent a Cabinet problem. The Cabinet, had it the will to be honest, could do more for the country, by example, than the Archbishop of Canterbury.

[*The New Statesman*]

MR. WELLS ON THE STAGE

BY DESMOND MacCARTHY

THE scene discovers the garden of a vicarage, with a gardener clipping rhododendrons in bloom, and a youth, with a gun over his shoulder, talking to him across the wall. The latter is off to see if he can bring down a big strange bird which several of the villagers have reported to have seen. The Vicar, who soon enters, is one of those gentle, rather helpless men. We gather that he has given shelter to a girl who has had a 'war-baby,' by employing her as a servant, thus irritating his curate, the curate's wife, and his housekeeper. They think 'a rescue home' is the proper place for her. He is badgered by the curate's wife about it, and inclined to give way on the point of farming out the baby.

Sleep overtakes him in the garden. The blue sky suddenly changes; lurid darkness descends, and out of the rhododendrons, twinkling with fairy lights, steps an androgenous curly-headed youth in a kirtle of silver and white silk, illuminated by celestial limelight. It is an Angel who has left the presence of the Father of Light to understand, if he can, this wicked world of ours, and sailing down from the spheres, he has been winged by a shot from a gun.

You know those pictures which arrest one, sometimes, in shop windows; pictures of golden-headed and concupiscible angels bending over dying soldiers; of maidens clinging in speckless nightgowns to rude crosses, amid angry billows; of a pretty Jesus laying a tender hand upon a grief-bowed form. You know the accessories common in such pictures, the wintry solemn sunsets, the heavenly beams, the dazzling or shadowy crosses in the sky. You know the sentiment, these works convey. To such emotions *The Wonderful Visit* at the St. Martin's Theatre is addressed. Indeed, so direct an appeal to these emotions has not been made since Wilson Barrett wrote and acted *The Sign of the Cross*.

Of course, stage contrivances and stage lights have made progress since then. There is a tableau at the end

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of the second act which would make Wilson Barrett jealous. In it, the housemaid, loosely robed in blue, her hair ringing out like wild bells upon the night, kneels at the feet of the Angel, whose lowered glance is itself a benediction, while his upraised arm and index finger bids her aspire. There is another such moment when Leonardo's *Virgin of the Rocks* (a full-sized replica of which hangs in the Vicar's study) comes to life while the Reverend Benham in his tweed jacket, charmed, but still with a somewhat plaintive, cramped expression, kneels beside the frame.

But the quintessence of the play is expressed in the scene at the foot of the War Memorial Cross. Thither, Delia has come to replace her withered wreath. It is only a bunch of flowers she brings now, and we listen to her on her knees, communing with her 'Bert,' explaining she has had much work, and no time to change the wreath, till now. The squire, who has made money and a knighthood out of munitions, has already rasped our sensibilities by saying that such withered tributes should be cleared away; and, indeed, would have done it on the spot himself, had not the Angel, being endowed with finer sensibilities than are mortal, very properly stopped him. We are given the measure of the depth of Delia's devotion to the dead by hearing her refuse, at the foot of the memorial, a laborer whose heart of gold expresses itself in that kind of language which is beyond poetry, 'I want 'ee, Delia, so bad.'

After all this, you can imagine the *quality* of emotion which thrills us when the ogre profiteer attempts to seduce her, and the Angel, springing from behind the cross, breaks a hunting crop across his back. Yet that is not the climax. The Angel has already lost his wings; he wears now the simple russet garb of a Canterbury Pilgrim. Though he had been only a week upon what Mr. Wells once called 'this round earth of ours,' contact with men has already modified his celestial nature, for human passions are infectious.

But do not think that this play is as solemn as *The Sign of the Cross*. It is rather one of those works which span the easy octave from laughter to tears, from tears to laughter. The Angel asks naïve questions when he first arrives. Why are men so ugly? Why are they unkind to each other? Why are there any poor? Why must he wear trousers? How do babies come? Why are people married? Why did not so-and-so fight in the war? You can imagine the kind of comedy created by the replies. But now, he understands; and he has in fierce indignation actually struck a man. He has ceased to be angelic. After shuddering, and hiding his face in his hands, he glides behind the monument and ascending to the cross, he slowly stretches his arms upon it. At the same time, a strong light is thrown from the auditorium, and thus a large shadow of a crucifixion is cast upon the purple evening sky. Gravely, the curtain descends.

After that, the last act, a fire in the vicarage in which both Angel and mother perish while attempting to save the baby, is almost an anti-climax. The Angel, however, reappears again in his pristine glory, purged by self-sacrifice, to hold a last colloquy with the vicar, who has alone believed he was an angel. 'Believe in your dreams,' is his last injunction, a message which is, no doubt, intended to reach all of us. And by 'our dreams' is meant — what? If the vicar's dream is a specimen of the kind of visions we are to believe in, it is a rather debilitating gospel. There were, as usual, some cries of 'Author

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on the first night; but to my surprise Miss Marie Corelli did not appear.

To return to those pictures which so closely resemble this play in inspiration. I have often wondered what sort of men or women painted them. Sometimes, I have imagined a jolly cynical fellow, the belt of his Norfolk jacket dangling behind him, pipe in mouth, at his easel, thinking, as he adds the last touches, of a holiday in the country, and muttering to himself, 'That'ull fetch 'em,' — and I have sympathized with him. Why should not a painter, who calls himself 'an artist' only when he fills in a census paper, boil his pot as best he can? True, it is not good for mankind, as Mr. Wells has pointed out in *Mankind in the Making* and elsewhere, that bad works of art should be encouraged by our commercial civilization. Still, men must live, and no one, even the most censorious, would be hard on a poor man of letters, or a poor painter without talent, who tried to meet the market.

But the cases to which Mr. Wells draws our attention are more serious; namely, those in which men who are artists, who can and have done good work, are compelled to over-production because their good work does not bring them in enough money. Here, the loss to society is obviously much greater; yet, although we respect and trust, much more, artists who never yield, or cannot yield, to that temptation, nobody blames the others much. It is the fault of our civilization. The case of a man whose good work has made him rich, but who, nevertheless, turns out cheap rubbish, he does not discuss. Perhaps, at that time, he had not come across an instance.

In books like *Boon* he has thrown almost a heavier responsibility upon the artist than human nature can bear. The writer is bidden to remember 'what a sacramental thing it is to lift up brain and hand and say, "*I, too, will add*"'—to literature. 'We bring,' he goes on through the mouth of Hallery, 'our little thoughts, as the priest brings a piece of common bread to consecration, and though we have produced but a couple of dozen lines of prose, we have nevertheless done a parallel miracle.' All reading is

> sacramental, is communion with the immortal being. We lift up our thoughts out of the little festering pit of desire and vanity which is one's individual self, into that greater self. . . . All you who give out books, who print books, and collect books, and sell books, and lend them, who bring pictures to people's eyes, set things forth in theatres, hand out thought in any way from the thinking to the attentive mind, all you are priests, you do a priestly office; — and so forth, and so forth.

This doctrine of the inspired priesthood of authors is exaggerated and dangerous. Neither has it, you see, prevented him from writing *The Wonderful Visit*. Artists should feel, and if necessary be told, that they are on their honor to do their best. That will do. If they flatter themselves that they are messengers from the Father of Light whenever they put pen to paper, they are apt to take any emotional hubble-bubble in themselves as a sign that the Spirit has been brooding upon the waters, and pour out; though a short time afterwards they may let loose a spate flowing in a quite different direction. Sincerity of the moment is not sincerity; those who have watched England's prime minister know that.

The authors of this fulsome performance I have just described, which has the faults and debilitating sentiment of the cheapest, vaguest religiosity, are (it will come as a surprise to some distant readers) Mr. Wells and Mr. St. John Ervine; the one a pillar of the better sort of drama, the other the historian of the world, the prophet of society, the castigator,—in fiction and

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essays,—of morals, politics, and bad sentiment. *The History of the World* was a fine achievement. I am told it will bring Mr. Wells quite twenty thousand pounds. And who would grudge it him? It was a book we wanted, and no one else could have written it. There seems, therefore, to have been in his case no very pressing necessity for writing pot-boilers, and we must conclude that *The Wonderful Visit* is part of his message to the world as an artist. Indeed, judged by his own standard, both its authors would otherwise stand condemned as guilty of the sin against the Holy Ghost, though few would be so hard on them as that. I would not be, nor would, I think, all those who laugh cynically over his play. We would be content merely to say that it was a shameful piece of work to come from men of their gifts and intellect.

I have written, nevertheless, with some asperity, partly because I feel strongly that this play is an act of bad faith on his part, and perhaps also on the part of Mr. Ervine, against the fellowship of all who, in their different ways, try (without thinking themselves messengers from God or anything of that kind), to write their best; and, partly, because Mr. Wells has been going to pieces of recent years.

Though he may hate me for it, I should like to stop that if I could. When he sets himself a definite task like writing history, or describing Russia, his great gifts still tell, but when he speaks out of himself, or creates, a sort of slovenly humility or slovenly arrogance (for it has both aspects) seems of recent years to have taken possession of him. Because he has got a pulpit, he thinks he must never be out of it, no matter what he says. In the old days we knew when 'Wells' was speaking and reasoning, and when it was to an invented character the sentiments and opinions belonged. In fact, he wrote novels and he wrote essays. Then, he discovered the method of ratiocinative fiction, and bashed the two forms together. Under the name of his hero, he could then express views with an emotional amplitude and conviction which, speaking as Wells, he would have required, in all honesty, to qualify. It had disastrous results. He confused us, but, worst of all he confused himself.

No man has done more in the past to free adolescence from silly notions, poor ambitions and trivial fears, but no man has also hit out more desperately at random, clubbing down those fighting on his side, embracing those on the other, then fiercely disentangling himself, or added more to the confusion of thought by passionately stated 'provisional thinking,' the results of which he holds himself free next year to discard. Can he get back to his old self? Yes, or this criticism of him would not have been worth writing; he can, by respecting himself as an artist, as an artist not in his own sense, which has permitted *The Wonderful Visit* — as a puddle reflecting a star — but as an imaginative creator and careful craftsman. If he does so, then, too, the publicist in him will be freed, and from that side of his talent we shall again receive books as well considered as *Mankind in the Making*, in addition to stories or plays as good as *Kipps*, *Love and Mr Mr. Lewisham*, *Tono Bungay*, and *The Country of the Blind*.

[*The Manchester Guardian*]

THE BROTHERS: A WILTSHIRE TALE

BY MAURICE HEWLETT

THIS is a tale which I heard when I first settled in Wilts. That was something like eighteen years ago, and it may be two years older — not more

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It is so typical of the Western people, who, mind you, are as nearly aboriginal as may be, that it may stand instead of a long chapter of exposition. There is a ballad in it for who has the knack; Mr. Masefield, perhaps, if he would not overlay it with ornament. Its outstanding merit is its bare simplicity.

Two brothers, who, if not twins, were near in age, lived with their widowed mother and sister Annie in an outlying cottage some half-mile away from a village, — perhaps twelve miles from Sarum,— standing in a narrow valley folded into the downs. Call the brothers Steven and Robert, and know Robert as Bob. Bob was a steady, plain fellow who worked hard and kept the household going. He was a shunter in the goods yard at Sarum, on night duty as often as not. I never saw him, but if he were as true to type in appearance as he was in nature, he was short, sturdy, square-faced, long-headed, with ruminating gray eyes and a gentle voice. Steven, his brother, was a bad case. In a village with a drink tradition (very rare here, but yet to be found scattered about), he drank, and did worse. He lost money betting, and tried to find more by poaching. Frequently he failed to find it, or to find enough, and then he learned that his old mother was afraid of him, and could be intimidated. She was. Bob's money was handed out, florin by florin; and Bob must be deceived with tales of unexpected charges; and Annie must lend herself to the cheat.

Whether Bob was, in fact, deceived, you are to learn; at any rate, he said nothing, had no speech with his brother, and accepted skimped meals without comment. The two men seldom met, for Steven was out all day, and home late to bed, while Bob either left before he returned, or long before he was up, as his duty might call him. It was, perhaps, as well. Bob was quiet, a still water, but stubborn, like all his race, and strong for his rights, once he knew they were in danger. Steven, in his cups and out of them, freely expressed his scorn of the 'mug,' as he called him; yet, it did not appear that the two had ever conflicted publicly. It might have been better if they had.

Things went on badly, and worsened. Steven's levies became more frequent, his menaces more positive; the two women were terrorized. They dared say nothing to Bob — and Bob said nothing to them. Then, one night, the blow fell.

Steven came to the house at about eight o'clock in the evening. He had been drinking, and was in a cold rage, they said. He asked for money,— all they had. It was the second demand in a week, and there was nothing to meet it. So they told him, trembling. He said: 'You'll have it for me at midnight, or you'll rue it. I shall come back for it at midnight.' They lied to him in their fear. 'You'll find Bob here, if you do come.' He scorned them. ''Tis a lie. I know where Bob is. Mind your business; have the money here, or I'll come up and fetch it.' 'You cannot fetch what I have not got.' But he swore. 'I know what you've got; maybe *you* don't know what *you'll* get. Have it ready, or I'll do for the two of you.' Then he went out.

That was at eight o'clock. The two women ate their cold supper without comment,— without any speech at all, it was said. At ten o'clock they went upstairs. They slept in the same bed. Annie was the quicker undressed and was about to get into bed, when her mother turned to her. 'You must wash your feet, Annie; you must wash your feet.' Annie said, 'Why, whatever do you mean?' — Her

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mother showed her a white face and a pair of looming eyes, all black. 'There's a man coming, will see you in your bed. You would not be found with dirty feet?' No comment at all, or further speech. The two women washed their feet, and lay down side by side in their bed.

What was in the woman's mind — the murderer, the layer-out, the coroner? Nobody knows. There they lay, broad awake, without speaking, waiting for doom, in the intense night-silence of the downland country where the dark seems to fold down over you like a great blanket, and is only lifted for a moment, suddenly, by the long, shuddering cry of the white owl. It was said by one of them, afterwards, that they had quaked for fear, and it is evident that they did not doubt for an instant what was impending. One may be amazed at the inertia unless one knows the people well. I don't know that the question was put to either of them, why they did not run to a neighbor's. If it had been, it would not have been understood. Who shall escape doom? And what is the respite of one night? And how should they reveal such a family secret,— they, who had always kept themselves respectable,— as the villainy of a son and brother? So the two hours passed, and there they lay, side by side, shivering with cold or fear. Then they heard a step on the flags of the path outside, and then, again, the sudden wild discharge of a gun, a shattering noise in that immense quiet.

They lay still, it was said, till dawn, which came slowly up, for it was the early season of the year. Which of them went down first and made bold to open the door I don't know. Whichever it was found Steven lying dead out there, shot through the head. Bob never came home to breakfast.

Bob had gone to Salisbury early in the morning, and had given himself up to the police. He was cautioned, but chose to make a statement, which was taken down. He had been aware of everything from the beginning, which was some years back. It had to be stopped, he said. He had watched, waited, said nothing; had seen how matters were likely to go; made his mind up what must be done, and when the time came, he had done it. It was afterwards proved that Steven had bragged in his cups of what he was going to do that night, both before his eight o'clock visit and after it. Bob had intelligence of that, and had kept tryst. He was, of course, committed to the Assizes, and in due course tried at Salisbury, for murder. He held to his story, hid nothing. The jury brought in a verdict of not guilty.

I don't know whether such a verdict had been given for fifty years before, but it made a sensation all over the countryside, and two years or more later, when I came to live here, was still in men's mouths. I have written, before, of the Italian verdict 'Assassino per amore.' This one resembles it, except that the love-crimes contemplated with pity, in Italy, are not usually those of family. But, as I also said, when the law of nature conflicts with the law of land or Church, the peasant is always on nature's side. So, here.

Very much of the Wiltshire peasant is in that tale — his vast patience, his counsel-keeping, his watchfulness, his good shooting. Lastly, his incurable fatalism. Those two women abed, to me, are figures of Æschylean proportions.

The man who told me the tale had been at the trial.

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[*The Cornhill*]

A HEBRIDEAN ISLAND AND ITS BIRDS

BY SETON GORDON

Away to the west of the Isle of Mull — that romantic land of hill and glen — and set in the tireless waters of the broad Atlantic, is the island of which I write.

In olden days, a crofter and his family had their home here and eked out a precarious existence from their small croft and the fishing. But for many years, now, the island has been deserted and is given over to the sea birds and to the tribe of the seals. Lying as it does full open to the south-west where the nearest land is the far distant American coast, the island stands, a diminutive barrier, against the force of the Atlantic swell which, during the season of storms, sweeps the smooth-worn rocks and thunders on the out-lying reefs for weeks on end. But with the coming of February, though the storms may rage still with great violence, the air is laden with a curious intangible essence — the coming of the Spirit of Spring.

First of all to respond to this impulse is the pair of dark ravens that have their home on the island. Before February is out the new nest is complete — or maybe the birds content themselves with repairing the nest they occupied the previous season — and if the spring be an early one, the hen is brooding on her clutch of greenish mottled eggs by the first days of March. Most hardy of birds is the raven. No snowfall is sufficiently severe to compel her to desert her eggs; she broods through a blizzard undismayed.

But on these islands of the Atlantic snow rarely lies, and the raven is able to hatch out her brood undisturbed by ice and snow, and secure from the unwelcome attentions of gamekeepers who would give these birds a short shift were they to extend their range to the grouse moors of the mainland.

During these months of early spring, the ravens have few bird companions on the island — they share it with a pair of peregrine falcons and a few of those sea-birds of most sinister reputation, the great black-backed gulls.

At times, the peregrines nest on the island, but more often they lay their eggs and — should all go well with them — rear their young in the rocky hill-face of a sister island a couple of miles distant. The eyrie is quite accessible, and I remember on one occasion approaching the hollow in which the nest was situated and actually showing my face at the entrance before the brooding falcon was aware that anything was amiss!

On seeing the sudden apparition not more than four feet from her, the peregrine stood, petrified with fear, beside her eggs, nor could she summon up sufficient courage to fly out until I had withdrawn my head from view. The season of the nesting of the peregrine falls, as a rule, early in April, and even by this date the raven should have hatched out her brood.

A pair of buzzards nest on the island, and not far from their nesting ledge a pair of gray crows, birds which can here exercise their egg-sucking propensities to the full.

Till the coming of May, then, the island is peopled with few birds, and there is here comparative silence, should one land from a boat on a sunny morning of April. But with the first days of May, there arrive at this sea-girt isle a multitude of feathered people, so that the island is quiet no longer, but throbbing with life and activity. Here may now be seen companies of intelligent razorbills, and in

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greater numbers, guillemots of refined, though foolish, aspect. But the bird that frequents the island in greatest numbers is the puffin.

This quaint bird is present here during the nesting season, literally in thousands, and the surface of the ocean is at times darkened by them as they swim and bathe of a summer morning. Most consequential of birds is the puffin.

He always seems to me to resemble a dignified and respectable club-man — unruffled, unperturbed, and taking life — which he finds a pleasant thing — with rare philosophy and calm. But for all that, life to the puffin is full of dangers. Great black-backed gulls at times lie in wait for him at the entrance to his nesting burrow and pounce on the luckless bird as he emerges, either swallowing him whole or — a more terrible fate — disembowelling him and, having devoured the entrails, leaving the victim, perhaps still alive, to perish miserably.

With the coming of May, there arrive at their nesting cliffs many graceful kittiwakes, most charming and contented of all gulls. In the kittiwake there seems implanted a curiously strong love for its nest. For weeks before they have commenced to lay, the birds sit, or stand, contentedly upon the platform of the nests of previous seasons, and likewise in late summer, when the young have left the nest, or when, perhaps, some misfortune has robbed the kittiwakes of their eggs or broods, they still haunt their nest, standing, the pair of them, for hours at their home, with every sign of happiness and contentment.

To the island, before May is many days old, there also come many lesser black-backed gulls. Unlike their larger relatives — the great black-backs — these gulls are summer visitors, only, to the Hebridean islands, and with the approach of autumn make their way to more southerly and less storm-swept latitudes.

On the higher slopes of the island, Manx shearwaters have their summer home, choosing as their nesting sites the rabbit burrows where they remain in darkness during the hours of daylight and emerge only at dusk. It has always seemed to me curious that this bird should be entirely of nocturnal habits while at its nesting site, while at sea it may be observed flying actively with graceful and charming flight even on days of most brilliant sunshine. Yet one may, time after time, visit an island on which thousands of these petrels are nesting and yet see not a single one, till long past sunset.

The last summer visitor to arrive at the island is perhaps the most charming and interesting of them all.

Less than a swallow in size is this bird of the ocean, and so frail that it is hard to realize how it is able to face the Atlantic storms of winter. To this small wanderer the name storm petrel has been given from the fact that its appearance to the mariner presages a storm or heavy weather.

The word petrel is, I believe, derived from the habit of fluttering down to the surface of the ocean for an instant or two and skimming the waters with drooping feet just touching the sea — and thus, like St. Peter of old, walking on the water. It is not until the very end of June, when full summer is come to the island, and when no night in these northerly latitudes falls on the ocean, that the storm petrel comes in from the immense tracts of the Atlantic. Here it has spent the winter and spring, hundreds of miles from the nearest land, and riding out the storms which, day after day, for many weeks on

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end sweep the surface of the sea. The wing power of this little petrel must be quite untiring, for there must be many days and nights in succession when the Atlantic is too storm-tossed for it to alight on the waters for more than a second or two at a time. Thus, throughout the long and dark December nights and short hours of misty daylight the storm petrel must wheel continuously in flight, skimming the great waves and without a moment's respite battling with the storm.

How, during such stormy spells, can the small traveler obtain sleep? It would seem as though it were compelled to fore-go all rest for many days at a time. That not infrequently it *is* exhausted by the gales is apparent from the fact that not a winter passes but a few of the birds, tired out and perhaps dying, are found in the most unlikely places many miles from the coast. Of all birds the storm petrel is the latest to nest. Not till the opening days of July are the first eggs laid, and in late August at a time when puffin and guillemot have completed their nesting and have left the island with their young, some of the storm petrels are still brooding their solitary egg on which they sit for five weary weeks.

Thus the young are not able to take wing until well into the autumn when the season of storms is rapidly approaching — indeed may have already commenced. I have often wondered that this small bird should be so late with her nesting. One would have imagined that it were important for her chick to be hardy and vigorous before the settled weather of summer left the Atlantic. But the nesting of all birds, both on land and on sea, is influenced by the food available for their young, and I imagine it is for this reason that the storm petrel delays until July the depositing of her single egg in the twilight of the crannies among the rocks and boulders of this Hebridean isle.

I know the island at every season of the year — in winter, when the spray from the great Atlantic waves drifts on the wings of the storm over the topmost point of the grassy hill, and in spring, when all the mountain ranges of the mainland and of the Isle of Skye stand out in the clear sunshine with the smoke of many heather fires rising, blue and ethereal, into the quiet air. But of all the seasons, it is during the months of June and July, in fine steady weather, as the fishermen say, that the charm of this lonely island is at its height.

At this season, accompanied by a kindred lover of the island and its birds, I have pitched my tent on the green, grassy slopes and, day by day, busied myself with the study and photographing of the island birds. During such days of summer, it is good to have one's home on the island. By reason of its configuration there is always shelter from the wind on some part of the island, and the sun shines on the sheltered slopes with great power and warmth. And what can be finer than one's tent to see the first of the sunrise on the northeastern horizon where from behind a range of conical and far-distant hills the sun, a red glowing ball, first appears? And then, when full daylight is come, what a marvelous view of hill, sea, and glen can be spied from the summit of the little hill.

With the coming of autumn, the summer bird visitors to the island take their departure for the open sea, and, except for the storm petrels, which linger on till October and November, the island is left to the buzzard and raven, and to the lordly peregrine and wicked, greater blackback.

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[*New Witness*]

REVERIE

BY ADRIAN BURY

Into the barn, through many a leak
The West wind wanders clumsily;
Old broken hinges wail and creak
Like motives in a threnody;
And from the wall, day's dying gleam
Passes from knowledge, as a dream.

The shoulders of this rustic shed
Like an old man's are dry of sap;
The beams are worn and witherèd,
And fallen tiles have left a gap;
Hollowed and cracked, the stone-flagged floor,
By foot and hoof and season's store.

There is a strong wine smell about,
And apples' wrinkling faces peep
From straw, and chaff, and log-wood out;
And scythes and sickles in a heap
Stacked yonder by the pitch-dark wall,
Of harvest are symbolical.

And when the golden summer sung,
And Ceres, at whose silken breast,
The lovely cherub infants hung,
Passed through our fields, unseen, and blessed
The patient toiling husbandmen
Ere yielding up her fruits again.

SONNET

BY GERALD GOULD

The creeping hours have caught us unawares,
And while we yet stand breathless from the thrill
Of the warm noon, the twilight wide and chill
Has stol'n the color from the golden airs:
The dead and equal light of evening bares
The world of shade ere shade shall have its fill;
And the vague gleams on river, fold and hill
Are lost and lonely as unanswered prayers.
Draw closer to me, dear: the greater need
Must breed the greater solace. All about,
The moods and marvels of the day go out
Like candles blown upon: the heat, the speed,
Are sped: but all things bring their own redress,
And love that's weary is not love the less.

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